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PROHIBITION sops up political interest like a sponge, leaving other issues high and dry. In the New York State campaign, for instance, rum and personalities crowd all else out of sight. There are issues, of water-power, State ownership, methods of taxation, which a decade hence will matter more to the people of the State; but today it is Wet *vs.* Dry, and "Al" *vs.* "Jim." "Al" is, as his opponent says, running for two offices—for Governor in 1926 and for President in 1928. He will, of course, win the former post; but his hope of the latter will be dimmed unless he can send his running-mate, Judge Wagner, to the United States Senate in place of Mr. Wadsworth. Senator Wadsworth holds a logically absurd but politically strong position: he is himself an avowed Wet, but his party's platform is relatively Dry. The Dry Republicans, who have nominated Franklin P. Cristman in opposition to the squire of Geneseo, are in a dilemma. They may win sweet revenge by defeating the Wet candidate of their Dry party, but only at the cost of electing the Wet candidate of a Wet party. The Democratic platform flatfootedly asks to "change the narrow, senseless definition of what constitutes an intoxicating beverage, as set forth in the Volstead Act, so as to permit light wines and beers." The Republican platform is emphatic in demanding rigid law enforcement as long as the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act are on the books. But as to the referendum upon the desirability of changing the law the Republicans speak as a crab walks: "The referendum," their platform says, "gives all the opportunity to express themselves. We urge a full expression at the polls on this matter."

THREE AND A HALF MILLION tons of American-mined coal have been shipped to British ports since the coal strike began. Soft coal was not exported to England until this year; and it is this American coal, together with four and a half million tons of continental coal, that has broken the British strike. Yet the American Federation of Labor still insists that each nation's labor problems are its own, and refuses international federation.

FORTY-THREE MINERS trapped underground for five days! This is such a familiar news story that it is rarely found on the front page of the newspapers. But forty-three miners trapped for five days and then rescued alive and uninjured—that receives the news position of honor. At Ironwood, Michigan, this happy ending to the usual mine disaster took place; the men were imprisoned by a cave-in caused indirectly by a recent earthquake; in every miner's life the possibility of such an accident looms large, and he is prepared to meet it. These men had nothing to eat, but five gallons of kerosene and a birchbark brew made with the water that is always running down the shafts furnished them with heat and a substitute for nourishment. They waited, knowing that efforts to rescue them were going on. Their wives and children waited also, outside the shaft, in dumb fear of the usual result. When the rescuers at last crawled through to them, forty were asleep and three were standing watch. There were three others caught in the beginning of the slide who were less fortunate. Their bodies were taken out the first day. But forty-three to three is a good ratio in mine accidents, considering that 25,000 miners have been killed in the United States during the last ten years. It is a pity that the lucky forty-three could not have enjoyed the company of some of the gentlemen who believe that miners are overpaid. Waiting without food, in wet, dirty clothes, 120 hours for rescue that may never come must be a fairly enlightening experience.

A COMMENDABLE STRAIN of common sense and desire for justice runs through the opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis reversing the decision of the lower tribunal in regard to the Teapot Dome oil lease, obtained by Harry F. Sinclair and others from Albert B. Fall when the latter was Secretary of the Interior. The higher court orders that the lease be canceled and that Sinclair's company account for the oil

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already taken. The decision, which was rendered by former United States Senator William S. Kenyon, with Judges A. S. Van Valkenburgh and W. A. Kent concurring, lays down the principle:

> If a government official, engaged in making contracts for the government, receives pecuniary favors from one with whom such contracts are made, a fraud is committed on the government, and it matters not that the government is subjected to no pecuniary loss or that the contract might have been an advantageous one to it.

The government, it will be recalled, submitted evidence that Secretary Fall had received a sum of money from Mr. Sinclair after the lease. The defense held that this was a loan and was repaid, but the Circuit Court of Appeals declares there is no evidence of the payment of either interest or principal. The court says further:

> A trail of deceit, falsehood, subterfuge, bad faith, and corruption, at times indistinct but nevertheless discernible, runs through the transactions incident to and surrounding the making of this lease.

THIS DECISION makes the outlook good for an eventual and not too distant victory by the government in its attempt to reclaim the Elk Hills oil reserve in California and the Teapot Dome reservoir in Wyoming, both of which were bartered to private interests by Secretary Fall. The lease of the Elk Hills tract to E. L. Doheny was ordered to be canceled by the first court before which it came. This ruling was later upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco and the case is now awaiting final decision by the United States Supreme Court. The Sinclair lease will also be carried to the Supreme Court, without question. The two cases involve similar principles and, as the weight of legal opinion to date is strongly on the side of cancelation, we may reasonably look for a final decision returning both properties to the government. But in addition to the civil suits there is an equally important criminal prosecution pending against the two Dohenys and Messrs. Sinclair and Fall which is dawdling along in a way to sicken anyone who tries to reconcile court procedure with justice. This prosecution, involving charges of bribery and conspiracy to defraud the government, has got almost nowhere in two and a half years, none of the defendants having yet been required as much as to set foot in court. Another technical motion in the case was disposed of on October 2, favorably to the government, the newspaper dispatches say. Yet it doesn't sound so very favorable when we read further that the defendants may still ask—and no doubt will—for either one of two writs to keep the case from actually going to trial. And beyond this do there lie other subterfuges?

THE GERMAN RAILWAY BONDS—which are the key to the present plans for Franco-German reconciliation—have a par value of eleven billion German gold marks and bear a 5 per cent annual interest. They came into existence when the German railroads were denationalized under the Dawes Plan and turned over to a "private" company. This German Railway Company is a fiction. Its directors are simply employees and its bonds are held in trust for the Powers receiving reparations by a Frenchman, M. Léon Delacroix. The company pays interest on the bonds from its profits, and this interest—amounting, together with 1 per cent amortization, to about 660,000,000 marks annually—represents the railway's quota in each annuity distributed by Mr. Parker Gilbert among Germany's reparation creditors. The railroads, in other words, have been pawned to the Allies, and the Germans who are running them are doing so for the Reparation Commission. At present M. Delacroix has these bonds in his safe at Luisenstrasse 33, Berlin. The bonds have no actual value until they are floated on the open market. Now, it is no light task to put eleven billion marks in bonds on the market. There is probably not enough ready cash on all the bourses of all the continents to absorb one-half of them. M. Delacroix suggests beginning with a billion or two gold marks, and adds that "to avoid abrupt disturbances of the exchange it would be desirable to distribute the amount of the issue as much as possible among the ultimate recipient countries, that is to say, among the countries to which the proceeds of the issue are to be finally assigned directly or indirectly." In a word, America will again be called upon to finance the venture.

VISCOUNT D'ABERNON, the retiring British ambassador in Berlin, will probably go home a disappointed man. After he had braved French anger to lay the foundations of the Locarno pacts and of the English orientation for Germany which was to have followed, the clever Briand snatched away the palms of victory. At Geneva D'Abernon's chief, Sir Austen Chamberlain, was left in the cold while Stresemann and the French Foreign Minister powwowed at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. This new friendship is probably a mirror of the Franco-German economic rapprochement practical signs of which are beginning to multiply. Iron pact, potash combine, steel trust, German aid for the franc—these are only the most conspicuous. Moreover, France has much to give, Britain very little. Briand can promise to make the Rhineland armies of occupation "invisible," to permit the restoration of Eupen and Malmedy, to recommend abolition of the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission. For these favors Germany would have to pay, in railroad bonds apparently. And despite the petulance of Poincaré events are moving Briand's way. French and German steel interests have combined, and even the killing of two German civilians by French occupation troops does not weigh against that potent fact.

THE AMERICAN EXPERT who has been attempting to reorganize Polish finances declares that considering her start from zero "Poland has made greater progress in the last six years than any other nation in Europe." But for all his optimism Poland's politicians seem loath to accept Mr. Kemmerer's suggestions of further paths of progress. The Diet, which General Pilsudski, for all his loud talk, did not dissolve, has rejected the Government budget by a vote of 206 to 90. The Government apparently planned to get along without a Diet and to continue à la Mussolini, but suddenly changed its mind and resigned. General Pilsudski then took office as Prime Minister. The New York *World's* correspondent adds this footnote:

> More unexpected even than the resignation—in view of the time and occasion—was the unprecedented visit of the American Minister, John B. Stetson, Jr., and French Ambassador Larouche to Premier Bartel in the midst of the crisis.
>
> The purpose of their visit and the purport of their conversations are shrouded in secrecy, but the common com-

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ment here is that the two diplomats impressed upon Bartel the bad impression that would be created abroad if the Diet was dissolved and the Government carried on as unconstitutional dictators after such an overwhelming defeat.

Well-informed circles here, while expressing surprise at this apparent foreign intervention in a Polish domestic crisis, admit that France's treaty relations with Poland and America's financial interest in the country through recent investments might easily account for such action.

Is this what the State Department calls "avoiding European entanglements"?

A SORRY PICTURE of England is painted by the Dean of St. Paul's in his recent book on the British Empire. "English naval supremacy is at an end. . . . Our position as a world power is thus permanently altered for the worse." England, "for idealistic reasons," has dismantled its "splendid air force, thus making it impossible for us to back our counsels of moderation with any threat of coercion." "Events have shown that to rely upon the help of the United States would be to trust in a broken reed." In the event of any attack on England, the United States would help only if the invader were a "black army." Dean Inge not only describes the erstwhile mistress of the seas as alone, friendless, without an ally on either side of the Atlantic, without a fleet worth mentioning, but as grieved by this isolation, desiring an alliance of English-speaking nations, yearning for the hand of fellowship, struggling for peace. Nor do England's troubles end there; she is torn by fraternal strife —or perhaps not quite fraternal strife, since India and Egypt have hardly been accepted as blood brothers. This, of course, is a tale to rend the heart. The gloomy dean's remedy is simple: plain living and high thinking. Plain living might help; plain speaking might help even more.

"THE RADIO IS A FAILURE," says Thomas A. Edison, "so far as music is concerned." It is, he says, good for news and for reports of ball games and boxing matches—and political conventions, we would add—but the distortion of music is too great. "After the novelty has worn off," says Mr. Edison, "the phonograph will reclaim its own." And so the great inventor starts what may be the first rumble of a great collapse. We Americans are a people of passions, but they pass. We all rode bicycles—today we have left the bicycle to the small boy. Millions of us played Mah Jongg—who plays it now? We devoted our evenings to cross-word puzzles—who still remembers "ern" and "ai" and "Ra"? We tinkered endlessly with radios, and installed new sets in rapid succession; radio shops sprouted on every corner, their noisy horns vieing with the blasts of the auto-trucks. And now Mr. Edison says that there is no more money in radio for the dealers. Fourteen million Ford cars have rolled out of the Ford factories; today the experts say that the country is turning sour on Fords, and Henry is working hard on his "air flivver." What will be the next craze?

THE INDEFATIGABLE E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, not content with dispensing millions of drops of pure literature and speculation in the form of his Little Blue Books at four to ten cents each, has added the *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly* to his long list of publications. It is a sizeable, bustling magazine, containing almost 200 pages of stories, articles, and pictures and an incredible number of editorials and short pieces by Mr. Haldeman-Julius himself. From old-fashioned "free-thinking" to modern architecture, from George Sand's amours to Sinclair Lewis's Sunday School class at Kansas City, the subjects cover a range wide enough for everyone. Like the Little Blue Books, the *Quarterly* offers nuggets of wisdom mixed with sensationalism, ideas presented energetically, briefly, easily, for the consumption of the many. This is the American democratic ideal, the ideal of popular education, and in a country of one hundred million persons, most of whom are unfamiliar with ideas, it is immensely valuable. Mr. Haldeman-Julius disclosed that the biggest seller of his five-cent classics was Plato; this is a feat to boast of. It may be that this energetic publisher is about to perform another feat—that of publishing a quarterly magazine whose circulation will run into the tens of thousands.

FROM DORCHESTER, England, comes to the American newspapers for October 3 a piece of literary intelligence which in none of the reaches of the imagination could be called a scoop. The correspondent, acting for the Associated Press, whispers to the American public that Thomas Hardy, "the aged dean of English literature," "is spending the twilight of his life at his home here in penning poetry—the first love of his youth. With the fiction which made him famous he is probably finished. . . . Just what he is writing is not divulged, as he is offering nothing for publication. Whether the poems ever will be given to the public is a matter which has not been decided." This, with some modification of the references to Mr. Hardy's age, would have been news in 1896. Today with half a dozen published volumes of verse behind him, and with the reputation, earned at the cost of thirty years' labor, of being perhaps the best of contemporary British poets, Mr. Hardy need not be set down as a novice of eighty-six fumbling with his first love. "With the fiction which made him famous" he was finished before the present century. His poems and his verse plays, given to the world with no reticence whatever and as soon as they were done, have all this time been making him as famous as any man would want to be. We wince a little at thought of the cost of this cable. The correspondent would have done as well to sit down and write a letter, using his leisure to look into the facts.

HENRY T. FINCK, for many years musical critic and editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation*, was no pompous and academic preacher of highfalutin doctrine nor a slinger of mealy and empty phrases about Art with a big "A." He was personally an accomplished musician and a thorough scholar of music, but withal he was a human being with a racy humor, strong individual likes and dislikes, a zest for life in many aspects, and a sunny capacity for friendship. As a musical critic he had pronounced prejudices—he cared nothing for Beethoven and for few of the moderns except Stravinsky —but he was liked even by those whom he attacked, because of his good humor. In addition to music Mr. Finck had numerous other interests. He was a passionate amateur gardener, an expert on food, and besides numerous books on music he wrote volumes on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," "Food and Flavor," "Gardening with Brains," "Primitive Love and Love Stories," and "Girth Control." Mr. Finck's death occurred at his birthplace in Bethel, Maine.

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Sweet Land of Buncombe

THERE are times, even in the heyday of a political campaign, when one takes seriously the theory that the people of these United States are capable of self-government. There are other times when the only remaining prop for faith in our so-called popular system of government is the obvious incapacity of the dictators, near-aristocrats, experts, and business men who offer themselves as a substitute. Reading advertisements in some of the popular magazines is an encouragement to such disillusion. Reading the advertisements of advertisements is still more discouraging, but it is at least amusing.

Here, for instance, are a few paragraphs from a circular sent to advertising agencies by a corporation with headquarters in Chicago, which styles itself Famous Names, Inc.:

> The Famous Names, Inc., was formed through the co-operation of the most prominent managers of moving-picture stars and theatrical celebrities who assigned to this corporation the exclusive selling rights for commercial advertising purposes, of the names, pictures, and indorsements of a majority of the most popular and famous stars. . . .
>
> The service of this corporation is to supply the rights to use in commercial advertising names, pictures, and indorsements of famous moving-picture stars and stage celebrities and other famous personalities such as musicians, operatic stars, etc. . . .
>
> Almost without exception any moving-picture star or stage celebrity is available through our service. (See attached list of stars with whom we have established contact.)
>
> Many of the stars are available for special posing. These poses can be made according to specifications of the purchaser and can be made in a studio, in the artist's home, or on location. Many of the stars' homes are famous for their artistic settings, and such pictures posed by the artist in the home with the advertiser's commodity offer many advantages, particularly in the production of advertising material.
>
> In addition to the pictures and names we also supply indorsements signed personally by the stars. These indorsements can be, if desired, of the advertiser's own dictation.
>
> The rights to use this service are sold on an exclusive basis. This means a definite protection to the advertiser against duplication in pictures, names, and indorsements. This is possible because of our contracts with the stars. We will not offer the same stars to any other manufacturer or advertiser of similar commodity when our service has been accepted. We evidence the exclusive rights by a direct assignment to the purchaser signed by the star and likewise an assignment by the Famous Names, Inc. . . .
>
> The fee for the exclusive use of a star is between $150 and $2,500, depending upon the standing of the star and the length of time the exclusive use is desired. This fee includes the special posing and signed indorsements. Also, a 15 per cent differential to the agency. . . .
>
> Millions are daily attracted to moving-picture theaters because of the popularity of the names and pictures of these stars. Likewise, *additional* millions can be attracted to national advertising through the use of pictures of these stars who are familiar and popular with the buying public.
>
> *The picture of a famous star will always attract copy attention!*

Fooling the Public, Inc., this kind of advertising "service" might well be called. The star signs indorsements written by an advertiser perhaps without ever seeing or trying the ware. And the public—the kind of public which expresses itself in snobbish imitation of cinema heroes and pseudo-millionaires—buys on such false recommendation. At least, if one takes at par value the claims of the agencies that they have made advertising a science, one must assume that they have tested the method and that it pays.

A hasty study of a few "national-advertising" sections does not reveal that much use has yet been made of John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Marjorie Rambeau, Lenore Ulric, Clara Kimball Young, Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, and the other stars listed as part of its "service" by Famous Names, Inc. ("prices on the above stars will be gladly furnished upon request and without obligation"), but the samples of the method are there. Blue Jay Cornplasters feature "Famous Feet," and seem able to persuade almost any dancer to admit corns and preach the use of the Blue Jay products. The Pond's Extract Co. has enlisted the Queen of Spain to serve its business, and Prince Wilhelm of Sweden indorses Melachrino cigarettes. The fair face of T. C. Clark, '26, "chosen as the best-dressed man of Princeton," is becoming nationally familiar through his selections of Ide shirts and collars. Indeed Princeton seems to "attract copy attention," for the advertising pages of *McCall's* tell us that the windows of Avalon, the residence of Dr. Henry van Dyke at Princeton, N. J., are "shaded throughout with Hartshorn shade cloths mounted on Hartshorn rollers."

It's all business now. There was a time when sentiment played its part. Helen Woodward, in that absorbing story of her advertising career, "Through Many Windows," says that the ingenious agents of the ancient days—half a decade or so ago—used to work through societies collecting funds for philanthropic purposes. To such societies they would say, "We'll contribute $5,000 to your fund for each well-known name among your members which you will allow us to use in publicity,"—and, Mrs. Woodward explains, the secretary of the association, who had a hard job raising funds, took the proposition to its members and the job was done.

"Even as an advertising man I resent this type of testimonial," writes the friend who sends us the announcement of Famous Names, Inc. "It was much better in the old patent-medicine days, when at least they took the dope they wrote about." We resent it more because its implied contempt for the American people is too often justified. The dominant sections of American life believe that the people want to be gulled, and delight in gulling them—and, obviously, they do gull them. Like all advertising dodges, this particular method will lose its value when it becomes too common, when famous names, standardized, commercialized, and incorporated, lose their surprise value. But new tricks will be invented, and the dear public will gape and swallow them. One may only faintly hope that the public will also learn to laugh at them. Even politics is today successfully conducted as a form of advertising. Bruce Barton's recent interview with President Coolidge was great advertising and good politics, much more realistic than

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the serious discussion of political battles in which editors indulge. The chief hope of the republic sometimes seems to lie in awakening the capacity for independent laughter in the serious-minded, famous-name-worshiping people of this country.

Starvation and Surrender

STARVATION is a hard master; it is driving British miners back to their jobs at the owners' terms. The miners were not quite willing to die, or to see their children die; so they are dribbling back to their jobs. And for the moment the owners may deceive themselves into a feeling of security.

If the British coal industry were safe in a pocket all by itself, if the miners dug coal for the sole use of the owners, then perhaps this end of the strike, with the workers acceding to every one of the employers' demands, might solve the problem once for all. But coal is a national commodity, affecting every basic industry in the country; sooner or later the miners will have found new strength to fight for a living wage; and the country will have another two-billion-dollar coal strike on its hands. This inevitable traveling of the weary circle seems so evident that one wonders why anyone fails to see it. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Baldwin sees it quite clearly; but perhaps also he realizes that by the time the miners recover from the present setback it will be somebody else's problem. That is the most charitable view to take of the British Government's role in the crisis now drawing to a close; the Government was as weak, as shillyshallying, as shortsighted as it seems humanly possible for a government to be.

Mr. Baldwin was hailed, when the general strike was called off, as a colossus, a broad-minded, powerful he-man who by his courage and determination was solving a hitherto unsolvable difficulty. After conference with him the Trade Union Council agreed to call off the strike under the impression that the proposals for reorganization of the coal industry drawn up by Sir Herbert Samuel were to be made, under the aegis of the Government, the basis for negotiations between miners and mine-owners. The strike was called off under a sort of "gentlemen's agreement" which left the initiative to the Prime Minister. The miners, to be sure, were not consulted; they hoped in those days for better things than the Samuel memorandum. Mr. Baldwin then stepped into the breach with proposals of his own invention.

Unfortunately the first thing on his list was a reduction of wages for the miners, and this, since refusal of a wage-cut had been the corner-stone of the strike from the beginning, was turned down by the men. The owners rejected his plan for other reasons. But from time to time Mr. Baldwin hopefully offered new proposals, which were likewise declined by both sides. He spent each week-end at Chequers, hoping for a settlement of the strike. Mr. Churchill, guardian of the Exchequer, would not consider a subsidy while the industry was being reorganized; the owners would not consider settling with the men in any but district agreements, which would destroy hope of reorganization and break the back of the national union; the workers remained firm in their slogan of "not a minute on the day, not a penny off the pay." In the face of this deadlock all the Prime Minister could suggest was more conferences, more endless and futile discussions. Now time works against day laborers. The mine-owners have been better able to weather five lean months than were the workers, and the miners, face to face with the awful choice between starvation and surrender, are, by handfuls, surrendering. Their leaders have little better to offer them than the stale hope that the Tory Government will remember the gentlemen's agreement and keep the pledges which it has neglected for five long months.

The fundamental trouble is that England's fundamental industry is sick. The workers have a right to demand a living wage, the mine-owners a right to refuse to operate at a loss. The industry needs a national reorganization, which would mean closing marginal mines and reducing the number of workers in the industry—and would, in turn, require a temporary subsidy by the Government. The last subsidy was sheer waste, because nothing was done during its operation to make its continuance unnecessary. A government with courage and convictions could act in this emergency. Behind the difficulties of the mine-owners are the heavy royalties paid the land-owners, which amount to more than any subsidy. Unhampered by a supreme court and a written constitution, England's government has the power to tax the royalties out of existence. That, of course, would bring it into conflict with powerful interests, which Mr. Baldwin is unwilling to do. Instead, he shilly-shallies. And as a result of his eternal vacillation men are stumbling back to work at wages which, as his own Government's commissions have shown, mean rickets and near-starvation for their children. A policy of frank opposition would be more decent.

Couplets

ONCE when Bernard Shaw had been irritated beyond endurance by the repetition of some metrical platitude he exclaimed petulantly "You can't make a lie true by putting it into a couplet"; but, Shaw notwithstanding, one can do almost that. To the simple mind any jingle has something of the miraculous about it; the very fact that a statement falls into rhyme and rhythm seems to indicate that there is a harmony, preestablished in nature, between the statements it makes; men speak in prose, but the gods rhyme. Hence it is that, the world over, proverbs which embody the credo of the vulgar are usually expressed in jingle, and since whatever is true rhymes, whatever rhymes is true.

The more sophisticated have not, to be sure, quite this simple faith. They are not absolutely sure that

A pint's a pound
The world around,

or even that "Early to bed," etc., is true just because these statements seem to have an irrefutable neatness. Yet even here rhyme casts its magic spell, and many a platitude, many a false statement has gone thundering down the years merely because a Pope or a Dryden gave it that triumphant finality which is the secret of the heroic couplet.

Such being the case it is remarkable that this couplet has fallen so completely into disuse. Mastery of it is difficult enough, but it requires only a little familiarity with the literature of the eighteenth century to show that quite serviceable and readable stuff was turned out by

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hundreds of fifth-rate writers. No form so completely disguises utter banality of thought or so easily gives the air of saying something when nothing whatever has been said. It sometimes descended to frightful depths, especially in the hands of the writers of political verse, but there are thousands of lines lost in forgotten volumes which, at least to those who have read enough couplets to appreciate their slightly absurd charm, may be read with amusement. Here, for example, is a comment upon woman's rights taken from a prologue contributed by a "Rev. Mr. Nares," whom oblivion has completely swallowed, to a play by Elizabeth Inchbald, an ornament to her sex, whose name still lingers faintly:

> I grant, as all my City friends will say,
> That Men should rule, and Women should obey:
> That nothing binds the marriage contract faster
> Than our "Zounds, Madam, I'm your Lord and Master."
> But since the Sex at length has been inclin'd
> To cultivate that useful part—the mind;
> Let us not force them back with brow severe,
> Within the pale of ignorance and fear,
> Confin'd entirely to domestic arts,
> Producing only children, pies, and tarts.

Here, "children, pies, and tarts" becomes, aided by the jingle of "domestic arts," a very fair imitation of wit.

On its serious side the great virtue of the couplet is in its intellectual simplification. Whoever would write it must acquire or assume a philosophy as lacking in shade as Pope's. Within its narrow limits is no room for complexities or qualifications; there can be nothing except Virtue and Vice, both capitalized and neither defined. But for that very reason those who find the modern world too complicated might practice it with profit. They will come, willy-nilly, to conclusions; they will be forced to conquer a doubt rather than spoil a couplet. What pessimist would not give up the protest which he struggles in vain to express if he could say the reverse in form as perfect as

> All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
> All chance direction, which thou canst not see; . . .
> And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

The American Past

THE study of Rome's democratization and decline which Professor Rostvotzeff has written and which Professor Westermann has reviewed for this issue of *The Nation* takes its place among a noble number of lengthy works produced by European scholarship in the necessary attempt to understand the grandfather of all Western nations. Gibbon had his own purpose in writing the "Decline and Fall," and the great German historians of the nineteenth century had theirs. Professor Rostvotzeff's purpose, no doubt, is a purely modern one. Though we know nothing of his intellectual career, we can suppose that this investigator of the effects which followed the dissipation of Roman culture through the masses is one of the many men today who doubt the once unquestioned wisdom of the people, and who are disinclined to believe that a civilization can ever thrive after it has become the common property of vast numbers.

Something like the same question, if not the same answer, might be said to underlie the researches which we in America have been making into our past since the beginning of the republic. For we have thought quite as much about our past as about our future. Our youth, as Oscar Wilde let one of his stage people say, is merely the oldest of our numerous traditions. The reader of contemporary books is likely to jump at the conclusion that the urge to poke around among the Fathers or to reconstruct, as museum pieces are reconstructed, the life of an older American generation is a brand-new urge, born perhaps of fatigue induced by too much speculation concerning the destinies still ahead of us. But no generation, at least during a century and a quarter, has been without this urge. The results of the research have differed with the shift from decade to decade of philosophical and political emphasis; it may be that our method just now is indeed brand-new. But always there has been research. And the lure has been the same, even when no one confessed it—the spectacle, everywhere beckoning to be examined, of a wide new continent into which Europeans poured, bringing portions large or small of a civilization with which they were free to do what they would.

That is the picture which we have painted in whatever colors have happened to be fashionable or have seemed to be enduring. To Parson Weems it surely never occurred that W. E. Woodward, whose portrait of Washington is today presented to the American public, would come along and say of the principal Father that he was a good man—Parson Weems said as much—but a dull one. Weems was not interested in dulness or rather he was unconscious that the picture he lavished his best strokes upon was essentially uninteresting. And indeed it was not uninteresting to him. His virtues were not our virtues; with his Washington, if he ever existed, we will have nothing to do. He might reply from the grave that with Mr. Woodward's Washington, if he ever existed, he would have nothing to do either. To George Bancroft it could not have occurred that a tribe of historians might be born in America whose business it would be to scrutinize the heroes of our early politics as ordinary politicians are scrutinized. But Charles A. Beard took a look at the makers of the Constitution, and the tribe was formed. James Truslow Adams began upon New England—and lo, we no longer gazed upon a little Greece, a little Rome, where statesmen of the Bancroft sort moved in classic, shining light. To Bancroft the spectacle of raw America filling up with Europeans was stately; to some of his successors it has yet to become so. Even Claude G. Bowers, who uses warm colors as he covers his canvas with figures of old statesmen at war, and who obviously admires those statesmen when he does not agree that they were right, would not suit Bancroft or the generation of Bancroft's readers. He too makes a recognizable man out of his hero Jefferson—as do most of the writers in this centennial year who have reconsidered the Sage of Monticello.

Recognizable men. That is what we happen to be after today, and the emphasis must be placed upon the first word. We want the Fathers to look like human beings—our own kind if need be, and at the thought we grimace, but at any rate human. The question, What do we recognize, or What is recognition, is a metaphysical one which philosophers would have to answer. The question whether we are in a better position to apprehend reality than our predecessors were is one that had better remain unanswered. We are interested in the facts, we say. And we should be. But every generation has been interested in what it considered facts. So time and history go on.

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Real Estate *vs.* Human Lives in Florida

By STELLA CROSSLEY

"THE poor people who suffered are regarded as of less importance than the hotel and tourist business of Florida."

To any one unacquainted with the almost inhuman cupidity and unquenchable boosting instinct of the Florida realtor this public statement made by John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross, together with his charges that Governor Martin and other State officials and real-estate promoters were deliberately blocking relief work by nation-wide propaganda minimizing the extent of the recent hurricane disaster, must seem at first incredible.

But to anyone like myself, without property interests in Florida, yet with the experience of having lived there through all seasons for the last two years, Mr. Payne's assertion can be recognized as the literal truth. His charges, moreover, are substantially corroborated by other Red Cross officials and by the reports of reliable Northern newspaper correspondents in the devastated area.

These charges are that leading Florida boosters sent out thousands of circular letters and telegrams saying the damage was slight, reports had been greatly exaggerated, the situation was "well in hand," and outside contributions were not needed. One outstanding example of the effect of this was that Richmond, Virginia, stopped payment on a $10,000 relief-contribution check. This in the face of the Red Cross survey showing that at least 18,000 families were homeless and destitute and at least 4,000 persons lay suffering from injuries in makeshift and other hospitals.

It was further charged that to minimize the extent of the disaster with an eye to this winter's tourist trade Florida officials falsified figures of the number of dead; that even many of the victims were hastily buried without attempt at identification though most could easily have been identified. Many of these latter were Negroes who were not counted among the dead, though Negroes afterward were considered of sufficient importance to be compelled at the point of guns to clear away the wreckage.

When we add to all this evidence the explanation first given out that the chief cause of loss of life was the flimsy and faulty construction of most of the houses, we see Nature's unwitting cruelty ably assisted by man's cupidity written in Death's black letters over Florida today. In peculiar high relief one can see there not only the tragedy of Florida but also that of modern civilization in placing the importance of big profits over that of human life and over all the values that make that life worth living.

Of course, blaming the loss of life upon flimsy construction is an attempt, as I see it, to lessen if possible the severity of the hurricane, to insinuate to the outside public that the greatest tragedy resulted more from man's shortcomings than from an aspect of south Florida's climate; but a contributing cause of loss of life was the influence of the realtor. This influence not only was back of the flimsy and faulty construction but worked, as I can testify it always has worked, against full warning reaching the rank and file of the people.

Florida is on the edge of the tropics and hurricanes are to be reckoned with in the tropics. The best that man can do there is to admit calmly to himself and others that such things are always likely to happen and to take such precautions as are possible. But in Florida the realtor's cupidity and public opinion, which this cupidity dominates, forbade this. So in a land where human habitations should be specially constructed for strength they are generally constructed flimsily for huge profits; and where the public should have a full understanding of the possibilities of such hurricanes and severe storms it is considered sacrilege to speak of them.

The policy of Florida newspapers which in recent years have become mere real-estate house organs, has been to play down local storms and play up Northern ones to the advantage of the realtor. Before me now as I write is the *Evening Independent* of St. Petersburg, Florida, dated Saturday, September 18. This was the day St. Petersburg had been repeatedly warned by United States weather observers that a hurricane would be likely to descend upon it. Such a warning, one would normally expect, should bring newspapers on the streets perhaps in extra editions or at least with their first pages devoted largely to this local news of such grave importance.

Not so with the "Sunshine Paper," so called because it is given away, not sold, on any day the sun fails to shine on St. Petersburg. It carries a four-column halftone on its front page under a heading, Flood Takes Possession of Kansas Town, and in a small box, one column width away, is the warning from the Washington Weather Bureau that the hurricane which has just swept the Florida East Coast is now descending upon St. Petersburg. And the heading over this warning is Storm Danger Here Seems to Be Past.

The general public—even in St. Petersburg—will never know the full extent of damages, injuries, or deaths, if any of the latter, there. The "Sunshine City's" realtors demand that such things be played down. Despite them, however, word did reach the outside world by way of northbound eye-witnesses that concrete benches were picked up and whirled about by the wind and that frame houses were leveled.

Tampa, across the bay from St. Petersburg, suffered extremely little—so one would think from reading the Tampa *Tribune*. Its issue of the Monday following the storm, like the previous day's issue, gives virtually no news of what happened in Tampa other than damages sustained by the telephone and telegraph companies in fallen wires, while on the editorial page, in a column always given to bright editorial paragraphs, are such remarks as the following:

"Tampa was signally fortunate"; "Florida has survived worse blows than this"; "The East Coast is getting more than its share of wind"; "The storm subtracted from the interest in the prize-fight."

We read in one dispatch from Miami that one paper there went contrary to the Weather Bureau and announced there would be no hurricane—thereby, of course, assisting Death. This likewise is the realtor speaking. He is ready to deny quickly anything that may affect realty values even

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when he has no facts to back up his statements. Typical of this attitude was a man accosted by Washington reporters on a Pullman just arrived from Miami after the hurricane. He insisted the reports of hurricanes and storms were "all lies" and that the newspapers were printing "irresponsible accounts which would cost Florida a lot of money."

If derogatory reports cannot be downed in this way, the Florida realtor or booster has a way of pointing somewhere else for a comparison which will show his climate not so bad after all. While Mr. S. Davies Warfield cannot exactly be classified as a realtor, being better known as a railroad president, his quoted remarks are typical of this method: "I doubt if there is as much water in the streets of these several localities [Florida East Coast] as there was in the streets of Jamaica, Long Island, two weeks ago when automobiles there were floating through the streets instead of running on their tires." He added that "reports of the disaster are greatly exaggerated."

Many realtors and boosters tried in other ways to minimize the extent of the disaster, some even going to the extent of declaring the hurricane a "blessing in disguise." Several were quoted as saying that the tourist camps about Miami had been destroyed, pointing out that "this was a good thing." Tourist camps net the realtor no profit and their usual unsightliness affects realty values. But what of the 13,000 poor campers?

Having lived in South Florida through all seasons amid all the bombast and fustian of the real-estate boom, I have been particularly depressed by the reports coming out of Florida and the statements of absentee realtors in the North commenting thereon. For, interpreting them as I learned how to interpret them through my residence there, it has seemed to me that many deaths and much property loss might have been avoided had the realtor not been allowed to dominate everything.

I can testify of an instance wherein the press agent of one Tampa development caused all the newspapers there last December to suppress a story of deaths and damages caused by a mild hurricane to which his development was subjected. This story got into the bull-dog edition of one of the papers before he could finish his midnight rounds, with the result that leading local realtors held an indignation meeting next day and cautioned the newspapers not to let such a thing happen again.

George Washington—The Image and the Man

By W. E. WOODWARD*

III. Ahorse

AFTER George Washington's death his widow burned every letter that she had received from him, with the exception of three or four, a handful that escaped apparently by accident.

No one has ever elucidated the motive behind this letter-burning episode. Martha Washington knew at the time—indeed, the whole world knew—that George Washington was a star of the first magnitude in the field of history, and that every scrap of his writing would be treasured and printed. Did she feel that his letters to her were so sacred in their intimacy that posterity had no right to read them?

Possibly.

But there are other tenable hypotheses. She was anti-democratic and anti-public to an extreme degree. Considering her as surrounded by such limitations of perspective, one may readily conceive that her motive may have been simply one of aristocratic seclusion.

In destroying his letters she effectually effaced herself, for she lived only in his reflected light. But that may have been what she wanted. The highest form of pride is a disdainful humility.

From another point of view it is a reasonable inference that these letters did not show her and her husband in a satisfactory relation to each other. His letters—many of them—were probably dictatorial, for that was his ordinary manner in communicating with other members of his family.

However, these are merely conjectures. We do not know why she destroyed his letters. She never gave her reasons. The episode lies at the bottom of the ocean of silence that surrounds so much of Washington's private life.

* * * * *

One of the letters which eluded Martha's incendiary hand is dated June 15, 1758, and is written from the headquarters of the column on its way to Fort Duquesne. When this letter was written George and Martha had been engaged about a month. He wrote:

> My dear: We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as another self. That an all powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend, Geo. Washington.

Nice letter, but full of reserves. Short and unromantic. He "embraces the opportunity to send a few words," and he does send very few of them. One thinks that the brisk hurry of the campaign is the reason for his telegraphic style; yet on September 12 he wrote a letter to Mrs. Sally Fairfax that is not a bit telegraphic in manner. It was written from the camp at Fort Cumberland, and runs in these words:

> Dear Madam: Yesterday I was honoured with your *short* but very agreeable favour of the first inst. How joyfully I catch at the happy occasion of renewing a correspondence which I feared was disrelished on your part, I leave to time, that never failing Expositor of all things, and to a monitor equally as faithful in my own Breast to Testifie. In silence I now express my joy. Silence, which in some cases—I wish the present—speaks more intelligably than the sweetest Eloquence.
>
> If you allow that any honour can be derived from my opposition to our present System of management you

* This is the last of three instalments from the book "George Washington—The Image and the Man," to be published on October 15 by Boni and Liveright. The material is used through the courtesy of the author and his publishers.

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destroy the merit of it entirely in me by attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when—I need not name it, guess yourself—should not my own Honour and My Country's welfare be the excitement? 'Tis true I profess myself a votary to love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case; and further, I confess that this Lady is known to you. Yes, Madam, as well as she is to one who is too sensible to her charms to deny the Power whose influence he feels and must ever submit to. I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate till I am bid to revive them; but experience, alas! sadly reminds me how impossible this is, and evinces an opinion, which I have long entertained, that there is a Destiny which has the sovereign control of our actions not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

You have drawn me, my dear Madam, or rather I have drawn myself, into an honest confession of a Simple fact. Misconstrue not my meaning, 'tis obvious; doubt it not, nor expose it. The world has no business to know the object of my love, declared in this manner to—you, when I want to conceal it. One thing above all things, in this world I wish to know, and only one person of your acquaintance can solve me that or guess my meaning—but adieu to this till happier times, if ever I shall see them; the hours at present are melancholy dull—

Be assured that I am Dr. Madam with most unfeigned regard. Yr. most obedient, Most Obliged Hble. Servant, Geo. Washington.

* * * * *

Mrs. Fairfax replied promptly, but her letter has disappeared. A historical misfortune. She evidently pretended to misunderstand, and Washington wrote to her again on September 25.

Dear Madam: Do we still misunderstand the true meaning of each other's letters? I think it must appear so, tho' I would feign hope the contrary, as I cannot speak plainer without—but I'll say no more and leave you to

[I omit most of this letter, as it is devoted mainly to a description of the military operations.]

One thing more and then I have done. You asked if I am not tired at the length of your letter. No. Madam, I am not, nor never can be while the lines are an inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the paper. . . .

He says in this letter that he "cannot speak plainer without—" Yes, but without what? We may confidently supply the answer, which is that he cannot speak plainer without coming right out and telling her that he loves her. He does not want to do that, because she is his friend's wife and because he is engaged to another woman. But he wants her to know it, just the same.

* * * * *

Now, they [Washington and Martha Custis] are married, happy, and settled down at Mount Vernon. Martha called George her Old Man—a term still used in the South by wives in speaking of their husbands—and he calls her Patsy. When she wants to persuade him to do anything she holds on to a button of his coat and looks up at his face with a smile. A tall, large-jointed man with a pock-marked face and icy cold blue eyes; and a plump little woman twisting his coat-buttons and pouting.

She is a gay little woman, but not frivolous. The gaiety of good health, good nature, and a small mind.

* * * * *

I have mentioned Washington's coldness, his reserve, and his capacity for saying No in such a way that it carried the sense of emphatic finality. Men of this type are often stern and forbidding in manner, but Washington was not. His feeling of courtesy was strong; his manners were good, and he never forgot them.

It would be too much to say that he was a charming person. He was too serious to have the fluid quality of charm, but he was pleasant and agreeable; and his conversation even with people whom he detested left the impression of quiet urbanity.

Beneath the gripping materialism of his nature there ran a warm current of affection for children. He remembered the names of children he had met, and his pockets were full of presents for them.

* * * * *

Washington's political career began in 1758 with his election to the House of Burgesses as a member from Frederick County. He had kept his eye on the office for several years. In 1755 he wrote to his brother that he would like to be a candidate that year if Colonel Fairfax did not want the place. Some of the Fairfaxes evidently had a candidate, for Washington's brother let the matter drop. Two years later he was a candidate, but received only forty votes. Then, in 1758, he appeared on the list again, with the Fairfaxes behind him. Powerful as these great landowners were, they did not make his success at the polls an assured matter, for shortly before the election Lord Fairfax wrote to William Fairfax: "I fear Col. Washington will be very hard pushed."

Needless fears . . . it all turned out well. Washington received three hundred and one votes, which was the largest number cast for any candidate. He did not appear personally at the election, as he was on the Virginia frontier in the war against the French and Indians, but he was well known to all the voters, either by acquaintance or reputation. There were no campaign speeches; liquor was freely distributed and took the place of political eloquence.

With a generous hand he provided refreshments for the tired voters. This is what the election cost him:

	£	s	d
40 gallons of Rum Punch at 3/6 per galn.	7	0	0
15 gallons of Wine at 10/ per galn.	7	10	0
Dinner for your Friends	3	0	0
13½ gallons of Wine at 10/	6	15	0
3½ pts. of Brandy at 1/3		4	4½
13 gallons of Beer at 1/3		16	3
8 qts. Cyder Royal at 1/6		12	0
30 gallons of strong beer at 8d	1	0	0
1 hhd. & 1 Barrell of Punch, consisting of 26 gals. best Barbadoes rum at 5/	6	10	0
12 lbs. S. Refd. Sugar at 1/6		18	9
10 Bowls of Punch at 2/6	1	5	0
9 half pints of rum at 7½d each	0	5	7½
1 pint of wine	0	1	6

Confronted with this comprehensive list, one mentally calculates . . . three hundred and one Washington voters . . . and enough liquor to stock a barroom. They must have been formidable indeed in their carrying capacity. But let us keep in mind that drinking was not a furtive sin, as it is with us; nor was it a pastime. It was a sort of athletic sport. Men tried for records as one-bottle men or two-bottle men. A three-bottle man (and there were a few) was looked up to with the reverence that we show nowa-

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days only to champion prize-fighters and noted preachers.

Washington was a one-bottle man. This means that at dinner he customarily drank a pint of Madeira, besides rum punch and beer. He preferred Madeira to all other beverages, but he was catholic in his drinking habits, and often drank cider, champagne, and brandy. If he was ever intoxicated I have never read of it; and, judging from what I know of his character, I am inclined to think he never was.

* * * * *

Washington's name seldom appears in the vast record of the ten years' controversy that preceded the revolution. It was a time of eloquence and argument, but he was neither an orator nor a writer. Backbiting commentators have hinted that Washington was really pro-British until the bullets began to fly, and that he took up the revolutionary cause only when he came to the conclusion that the patriots would win.

Nothing could be further from the truth. If it were worth while it would be easy to prove that he was anti-British as early as 1760. In this case one may tack "anti" and "British" together with a neat sense of accuracy, for he was more thoroughly anti-British in these early years than many others who held prominent posts on the patriotic side during the revolution.

His antipathies are easy to discern, but when we come to his preferences we find ourselves in doubt. He was anti-British, but pro what? The idle determinative "pro" goes dangling about in the air, endeavoring to hook on to something.

Finally we think of land, and then we have it. He was pro-Land and anti-British . . . and pro-Land meant the American side. A map of his political views in the pre-revolutionary period would be simply a map of the Western Territory, with a few disappointing financial statements from his London agents tacked on to one corner.

* * * * *

At the first attempt of British troops to seize a handful of the patriots' military supplies at Concord, the red-coats were met by embattled farmers who fired the shot that is supposed to have been heard around the world.

It may not have been heard around the world, but it was heard as far as Virginia. Colonel George Washington heard it, and when the Second Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia he appeared in his uniform, the only man on the floor so attired. He had already declared, at the Virginia Convention, that he was willing to raise a thousand men, and march them at his own expense to the relief of Boston.

He sat in Congress, day after day, a silent member—silent in speech, but loud in military garments—like a bright-plumed game-cock in a barnyard. It was his way of saying that war was inevitable, and that he was ready.

The fox-hunter had come out of his serene noon of land, horses, and dogs, to sit in meditation among the large intellects. Rather dramatic, in a way. Every visitor who hung around the door naturally inquired: "And who is the tall gentleman in uniform?"

* * * * *

One day in the middle of June Cousin John Adams met Cousin Samuel Adams as they were both about to enter the door of Congress.

"Well, what for today?" said Cousin Samuel.

"I am going to move today," replied Cousin John, "that Congress adopt the army before Boston, and that Colonel George Washington be appointed its commander-in-chief."

Cousin Samuel was all for the adoption of the army by Congress; but Colonel Washington's name was not to be found among his carefully selected enthusiasms. The army is a New England army—he argued—and Washington is from Virginia; a wealthy aristocrat from Virginia. Wouldn't this appointment rather dampen the ardor? . . .

"It is just because he is from Virginia, and aristocratic and wealthy, that I propose to nominate him," said Cousin John, in substance. "There is nothing that the revolutionary movement needs quite as much as it needs aristocracy and wealth; and above all it needs Virginia and the South."

* * * * *

When John Adams got on his feet to nominate a commander-in-chief John Hancock, who, as president of the Congress, was in the chair, thought that Adams intended to name him. Adams portrayed the high qualifications that the new commander must possess; and continuing, he said:

> Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful in this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply, I have to say they are; they reside in one of our own body—

John Hancock was all smiles.

> —and he is the man whom I now nominate—George Washington of Virginia.

Washington, apparently startled, rose hurriedly and left the room. The upturned crescent of Hancock's smile turned into a downward curve of chagrin. John Adams wrote that he had never seen any one's expression change as quickly as Hancock's changed that day.

The nomination was opposed by some of the delegates, even by some of the Virginians. Edmund Pendleton of Virginia spoke against it. In secret session, of course, and while Washington was out of the room. The question was deferred until next day, and then Washington was appointed commander-in-chief by unanimous vote.

* * * * *

The British shall remember the day when Captain George Washington, "a very deserving gentleman," wanted a British army commission and was lightly refused.

Free Speech (?) in Cincinnati

By MARY D. BRITE

I DO not know whether a permit is necessary in order to hold a street meeting in other cities of the United States, but it is necessary in Cincinnati. So when Mother Bloor came to Cincinnati to organize a relief conference for the benefit of the Passaic textile strikers, and said she would like to have a street meeting, I undertook to arrange one for her. Now, street meetings have been rather common occurrences here in the past, but in order not to make any mistake the Chief of Police was approached and requested to issue a permit. He said at once that he would issue the permit, but on being told the nature of the meeting—that it was in behalf of the Passaic textile strikers—he amended his first statement by saying that a permit could not be issued under those circumstances. Said the Chief of Police

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—I am quoting him literally: "You know if I were to issue a permit for such a meeting it would be a virtual acknowledgment on the part of the city administration that it was in favor of strikes. The city administration is not in favor of strikes. No permit can be issued."

Now, last fall Cincinnati adopted a new form of city government—that is, new for Cincinnati. We had been ruled for many years by a corrupt Republican gang which had been voted out while a city-manager plan had been voted in. Even some of the radicals had taken a hand in working for the new deal this promised.

It was suggested to me that the Chief of Police was not the last court of appeal, so I took the matter to the local counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, who agreed to bring it to the attention of the City Manager; he did so and was told by the City Manager that the probabilities were the Chief of Police had refused a permit because an appeal for funds would be made, and there was an ordinance against appealing for funds on the city streets, irrespective of the cause involved. I informed him that this was not the reason assigned by the Chief of Police and that in applying for a permit no reference had been made to such an appeal. Thereupon he offered to interview the chief himself, and was told by him that it was because an appeal for funds was contemplated that the permit was refused.

It was suggested then that if we still desired a street meeting a formal application should be made, assigning the reason for holding it and eliminating therefrom an appeal for financial aid. This was done and with this formal application I called on the chief in person.

After reading it he informed me that no permit would be granted. I inquired if he would tell me why it was refused. Said he: "The purpose of this meeting is to cause a disturbance. Cincinnati people are not interested in the Passaic strike. If you want to inform them why don't you hire a hall? The reason that other towns are lawless and have trouble is because such permits have been granted. I am here," said the noble Chief of Police, striking his desk a vigorous blow which made me jump, "to protect the people of this town against such lawlessness and trouble. The permit is refused. Another reason for refusing it is because you expect to take up a collection, or at any rate appeal for funds, which is not permitted. It doesn't make any difference what you say is the purpose of the meeting. That is only another way of whipping the devil around the stump. No permit will be issued."

As I left the august presence he informed me that I could take the matter to the City Manager over his head, and I lost no time in acquainting the attorney for the Civil Liberties Union with the result of my interview. He wrote a strong letter to the City Manager, pointing out the guaranties regarding freedom of speech and public assemblage contained in the Constitution of the United States. He informed him that he was fully advised as to what the actions of city officials should be under such circumstances and that the Chief of Police in refusing a permit for this meeting had violated the fundamental principles of American civil liberties.

To this letter the City Manager replied that he had conferred with the Chief of Police, in whose office such matters were handled, and that he had stated the reason the permit was refused was because the locations specified in the letter were in a congested area. This was the fourth reason assigned for refusing the permit.

I then submitted a list of alternate locations; street corners which had been used time and again for political meetings, at every one of which I had spoken myself during political campaigns, and said that we were not arbitrary; that we would take any location that was satisfactory to the City Manager and Chief of Police, provided we were not sent to an obscure street in a distant suburb. The upshot was that the City Manager and Chief of Police ruled that in the future no street meetings were to be held in Cincinnati by any organization for any cause whatsoever, having been reduced to this extremity to avoid granting a permit for a street meeting to discuss the Passaic textile strike.

A Battle of Editors

By FRANCIS PAUL

LAST spring Mr. Julian Harris, editor of the *Enquirer-Sun* of Columbus, Georgia, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize "for meritorious and disinterested public service." His paper was thus signally honored because of his "brave and energetic fight against the Ku Klux Klan, against the enactment of a law barring the teaching of evolution, against dishonest and incompetent public officials, against lynching, and for justice to the Negro."

In the middle of the summer two magazine articles appeared, carrying before a wide reading public congratulations to the little news sheet of less than 10,000 circulation and making it nationally known. Mr. Thomas Boyd, author of "Through the Wheat," who spent part of the past winter in Columbus, contributed to the *Forum* an article entitled Defying the Klan and Mr. Charles F. Pekor, Jr., head of the Pekor Iron Works, of Columbus, Georgia, a former Texas journalist, wrote for the *American Mercury* an article entitled An Adventure in Georgia.

These articles told of the coming of Mr. Harris and Mrs. Harris to Columbus in 1921, of the high tone and quality of the editorial page conducted by them, of Mr. Harris's outstanding battle for free speech, for decency, and for tolerance. To make the accomplishments and the courage of Mr. Harris stand out in their true light, the writers painted a black, but somewhat true, picture of conditions in Georgia. At about the same time an army officer stationed in the neighborhood gave a clear presentation of facts concerning a trial in a Georgia court of "justice" in *The Nation*.

Immediately there arose a furore. The Macon *Telegraph* accused Mr. Harris of seeking publicity among Northern editors at the expense of his native State, and even went so far as to insinuate that he had written the Boyd article—alleged as one reason the fact that the editor of the Macon paper did not know who Mr. Boyd was. Charles Scribner's Sons, his publishers, would have shuddered with horror; but such ignorance of modern literature is not unusual in those parts. At the same time the editor of the Americus *Times-Recorder* launched a personal attack on the army officer who had turned author and demanded his court martial.

In the city of Columbus itself the editor of the *Ledger* aroused himself and with wounded vanity and State pride declared it was time to call a halt on attempts to besmirch Georgia. He repeated, as if he believed it, the charge of collaboration in or authorship of the Boyd article, against Mr. Harris. He accused Mr. Harris of having supported

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the articles in question simply because the latter reprinted those articles without condemning them. The editor of the *Ledger* was wrong in his logic but perfectly consistent—for he himself never reprinted any article with which he disagreed, and even went so far as to lambaste such articles without giving their authors the chance of a hearing by producing what had originally been said. All the while, Mr. Harris blithely reprinted all sides of the controversy. He even reprinted, without comment, the *Ledger's* attacks upon him, thus destroying that newspaper's logic.

Papers more distant took a hand in the controversy. From Dalton, Madison, and Greensboro, Georgia, and from Brooklyn, New York, editors spoke fairly and well of Mr. Harris's attitude. The Dothan (Alabama) *Eagle* assailed the *Ledger* in vigorous terms:

> The fact that the *Ledger* has led the fight upon the *Enquirer-Sun* is unusual, for the *Ledger* has for years been in a state of coma, editorially. It has displayed no courage other than to attack a competitor for an article written by a Columbus citizen and published in a magazine several hundred miles away. Prior to its present fit the *Ledger* has confined its comments to elaborate editorials on hookworm, second-hand opinions on European politics, an occasional puff about Fort Benning, spasmodic grumbles about road hogs, and detailed cures for dandruff. It has not seen fit to offer moral lessons on the South's bigotry, her innate superstitions, her guileless people dominated by mountebanks and demagogues and bullied by any illiterate evangelist who shouts almost silly sermons based on pleas to prejudice and plain ignorance. . . . It has remuneratively followed the crowd, never daring to venture a new thought. In short, the *Ledger's* editorial page is merely a reluctant bow to established precedent. In all probability it would prefer to run patent-medicine ads in the place of editorials, and we unhesitatingly confess that the patent-medicine ads would, no doubt, be more informative.

This Alabaman explosion caused a turmoil in the editorial office of the *Ledger*. The editor fell back on the charge of complicity and collaboration:

> As published, the editorial carried the earmarks of local preparation, but we are not going so far as the Macon *Telegraph* in placing responsibility. Nor are we going to say that Pekor had been asked to prepare his ugly article, despite interesting rumors on the subject. . . . The *Enquirer-Sun* persists in defending the poisonous articles by going to Alabama, New York, and other points for mere straws of approval.

All the time Mr. Harris of the *Enquirer-Sun* continues to twinkle his merry little eyes, to smile in his unperturbed fashion, to make no editorial defense or attack, and simply by reprinting the words of others to let his readers know all that is being said on both sides. He believes that the right of free speech includes the right to be controversial. By letting all things be said, by battling straightforwardly on main issues and avoiding the personal, he has accomplished his work.

The Greensboro *Herald-Journal* has said:

> Julian Harris merited the Pulitzer award several years before it was rightly awarded to his paper.
>
> Sometimes he might err—we all do—but most of the times he is right. He doesn't color his news. He features and prints adverse newspaper criticism concerning himself.
>
> Julian Harris is the man who removed the mask from the Klan in this State. . . .
>
> Julian Harris saved "Mule" Hicks, a Negro, from the gallows."

If a judge be inflammatory, or appear so, Mr. Harris says what he thinks, even if brought up afterward for contempt of court. A Negro stole a mule and was sentenced to *twenty years*. He escaped with a group on an occasion when a convict guard was killed. A jury was assured by the prosecutor, it appears, that the punishment would be light, and told by the judge that they had better bring in a verdict promptly or they would be locked up for the night. They said: "Guilty"; the Negro was sentenced to be hanged. Mr. Harris exposed the circumstances surrounding the verdict, and it was his effort that secured for "Mule" Hicks the Governor's pardon. And all the while the *Ledger* was prating of the sanctity of the law and the finality of a verdict, just as though a miscarriage of justice were as rare as a divine miracle in this day and age.

If there were more editors like Julian Harris in Georgia, and in the nation at large, the journalistic profession would be a more worthy one. And if for each such there were excitable opponents like the editor of the *Enquirer-Sun's* local rival, and chief assailant, there would be some relief to the dead level of editorial space-filling.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was going to the *pereval*, or pass, with his friend Boris. In bargaining for a horse and a guide they acquired also eight goats and an ass, which the guide was inspired to take from his town house to his cottage in the mountains. As an American business man this guide would be worth millions. He may even be rich in Russia, where money can sometimes be amassed in secret by a peasant so long as he is careful not to arouse suspicion by spending any of it.

* * * * *

AZAZI was the Drifter's horse. She was loaded with clothing and provisions, but not with two fresh and evil-smelling goat skins which the guide wanted to take along. This small victory went to the Drifter, but all the others went to the little guide. His black eyes, so close together that they were almost one, sparkled with greed. When he met an acquaintance on the road he explained in a buzzing stream of his native Imeritinian what an easy mark an American Drifter was. At last the baggage and live stock were ready. The Drifter climbed up on Azazi's high saddle and the cavalcade started; ahead the capering Azazi with the Drifter; then Boris on foot, amiably carrying a large bundle for the guide; next the ass and the family of goats; and finally the guide, shouting and whistling to his flock. Azazi did not caper long. When the ascent began she quickly tired under her heavy load, so that sympathy compelled the Drifter to get off and walk in the steep places. The guide lagged behind, coaxing a tired young goat. Every now and then the ass wandered, browsing, into the woods. Little by little the procession climbed the trail.

* * * * *

TOWARD sunset they wound into an Alpine meadow, filled with lovely and improbable flowers, and some familiar ones, much superior to their lowland cousins; the deep rose, beautifully shaped daisies, the high stalks with clusters of grayish bubbles, the shaggy round ostrich feathers, wild sunflowers, red thistles, and slender orange crocuses. All these the cows and goats devour, and turn them

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into milk, which the natives turn into sour, stringy cheese. On the whole it did not impress the Drifter as an improvement, even when the cheese turns into a sturdy, dirty native.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has often confessed in *The Nation* his secret prejudice against automobiles and other devices of an over-developed civilization. At intervals this prejudice becomes so strong that his doctors advise him to take a treatment. The best treatment he has ever found is living in a *balagan*. A *balagan* is a shepherd's hut of one or more rooms, its framework of logs covered with a patchwork of rude shingles. The cracks serve for ventilation; if you want light you open the door. The floor is packed mud, covered with a little straw. Straw also covers the low platform of logs that serves for bed. In the center of the room is a round, stone fireplace. Why the straw and shingles don't burn up in one puff the Drifter did not discover; perhaps because the fire is always a small one of roots and green rhododendron twigs. From a rafter hangs a rope and long wooden hook above the fireplace for the pot. That is all. By night a *balagan* looks like the paper lanterns children make at Christmas. By day smoke oozes from every pore. The smell of that smoke hangs over the whole valley.

* * * * *

FOR days the Drifter lived in his *balagan* in the *pereval*. He lived the simple life, not quite as the natives live it. But if he ate more kinds of things than they did—if he added to their milk and cheese his nasty messes of dried vegetables, he made up by having less furniture. There was no splintery hewn wooden tub to bathe the baby in; there was a single blanket which had to be supplemented with his entire wardrobe before he could sleep at night. If he did not herd cattle and make cheese during the day, he worked hard climbing the valley walls without a trail and visiting an occasional glacier. There were nights when the *balagan* leaked like a sieve under a pelting shower of rain and hail. The Drifter does not claim that the cure is permanent; but he stored up enough loving thoughts of steam radiators and electric percolators and overstuffed armchairs and hot shower baths, and, yes, even automobiles, to last several months in the gasoline-laden air of New York City.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Krutch and M. France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One reason I read every *Nation* book review, even on subjects so far from my range of interest as the ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands, is because always, behind the review, I catch the gleam of the peculiar philosophical or literary glow of the individual reviewer, and am heartened thereby. You seem to have the gift of finding reviewers who glow.

Mr. Krutch's review, A Master of the Accessible, is excellent; his vision is straight and deep. In pointing out that one of the deep springs of Anatole France's genius was his power to hold himself aside from the rushing current of life, Mr. Krutch also reveals the cause of that feeling of baffled envy to which the twentieth-century amateur of France is prey. The current of life has caught us and whirls us along its zigzag course. Our generation cannot hope to express itself through such channels of exquisite smoothness as France used.

To this same power of aloofness has often been attributed much of the greatness of Montaigne; but Mr. Krutch is the first critic I have met who points out the great role isolation also played in forming the genius of Anatole France. The latter's power to draw within himself and out of life was greater than that of Montaigne because it was more subtle.

Johnson City, Tennessee, August 9 H. MULVANEY,
Instructor in French, East Tennessee State Teachers College

The Story of Philosophers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many thanks for delaying the publication of your review of "The Story of Philosophy" until after I had an opportunity to purchase and read the book. Had I read the review before I acquired the book I might have been deprived of many hours of joy, an abundance of knowledge, and the inspiration to enrol at Columbia University for the study of philosophy.

The book was not written for philosophers to whom the manner of its conception "would be rudely uncongenial if not heretical" but for those who missed "the joy of philosophy" in attempting to obtain it direct from the works of the philosophers without the guidance of "The Story of Philosophy." "Real philosophers who ruled the perfect state" not only would not have exiled Dr. Durant but would have elevated him to the position of co-ruler.

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 27 MAX HERZFELD

Divine Wrath

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't often object to anything written about me or about my work, especially in America, which still knows me as little as they knew Whitman while he was alive. But you have published recently an attack upon me by someone called Nathan Asch, that I want to speak about because it is a simple series of lying, ignorant statements which ought not to appear in any decent journal.

Nathan Asch tells me that my prose is hardly readable and that the second volume of "My Life" is distinctly inferior to the first, and that the stock of jokes is poorer than that of any smoking-car drummer; he adds, "The sex episodes are similar to those that can be bought in any well-protected bookshop." He ends up by comparing me with Casanova and telling me I have not the latter's gifts or integrity.

Now, sir, the poor fool doesn't know that Casanova wrote in French, which was not his mother tongue. The other day the first newspaper in France, the *Figaro*, asked me to write on Verlaine, the French poet, and said that I was the only foreigner they had asked to write about a French poet. The *Journal des Débats* and the *Temps* both gave six columns to my study of Renan and the *Débats* said that it was the best portrait of Renan they have seen.

The English have a good proverb: "One can only be judged by one's peers." Bernard Shaw has put me with Ben Jonson as the best critic of Shakespeare. Do you think Nathan Asch is my peer?

Nice, September 14 FRANK HARRIS

After Prison, Thanks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been granted a full and unconditional pardon after thirteen years in prison. Many thanks for the efforts put forth through *The Nation* and otherwise. Can you put a little notice in *The Nation* thanking everyone who took an interest in and helped me—I have lost the addresses of the friends who have helped me pass otherwise weary moments by corresponding with me. Good luck to you on *The Nation*—may it always be a power.

Mena, Arkansas, August 29 CHARLES CLINE

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The Eucharistic Congress

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your correspondents, A. J. Petty of Newark, N. J., says in *The Nation* for September 8:

> One of the objects of the Eucharistic Congress in the United States was to bring pressure to bear on Mexico through a show of strength and influence.

I am credibly informed that five years ago Cardinal Mundelein intended to invite the International Eucharistic Congress to meet in Chicago. The present Mexican situation was then undreamed of. Can A. J. Petty give one shred of evidence to back up his statement?

New York, September 22 A. M. Noonan

Education à la Legion

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The American Legion has just been holding its California State Convention, and it cheered wildly a speaker who called for the suppression of some Communist schools in Los Angeles. Since the American Legion is taking charge of our education, it becomes important to know what it has to teach our children.

There follow portions of a letter which give some information on this subject. The writer is a young high-school girl who, with her mother and another woman friend, set out to motor to British Columbia.

> We spent the night at the Tremont Hotel in Red Bluff and there were a great many American Legion men there, waiting to go to a convention in Susanville.
>
> Heavens, you should have heard the noise! They got drunk, of course, and all night long some were walking up and down the street, shouting to one another, swearing to beat the band, and singing the usual songs. They even called back and forth across the street. You should have been there! And that's not all. They not only kept everybody awake, but climbed to the balcony and tried to come into our rooms. We shouted and called to them to stop, but one man even forced the lock on the screen door and only stopped when I slammed the inner door in his face. This was at 3 a. m., and the noise kept up until 7 the next morning. The hotel clerk could not stop them.
>
> Don't you think it is a perfect outrage that people, and especially American Legion men who are supposed to be the bulwarks of the government, should conduct themselves like that?

Pasadena, California, August 19 Upton Sinclair

Who's Who in America

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see you have an article with regard to the United States and other Christian nations patrolling the rivers of China, and I should like to call your attention to an act of Congress, entitled The Chinese Trading Act, which was approved September 19, 1922, and authorized corporations to trade in China. This act confers great and special privileges and impliedly guarantees that the government will furnish the money to protect our men trading in China, even if they should import opium or other contrabands in violation of the laws of China. I do not think it is worth while, as long as we hold the Philippines, to make any fuss about our invasion of the sovereignty of China.

The United States is out for empire. The republic ceased to exist long ago. We are a government of, for, and by the corporations—an autocracy of artificial persons without human sympathy, the most cruel form of government ever created by man. An organized movement is now on to acquire the title to the farms of the Mississippi and Missouri River Valley by corporations; these farms in large areas are to be scientifically cultivated by hired men and machinery, to produce cheap food for their factory slaves.

The only issue in this country is the issue between the robbed and the robbers; between the exploited and the exploiters; between the men who do the work and produce all the wealth and have none of it and the men who produce none of the wealth and have all of it.

Sioux Falls, S. D., September 22 R. F. Pettigrew, former United States Senator for South Dakota

Lazarus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Aberystwith is a gay little watering-place in Wales. Its life depends on the university which holds a position of dignity throughout Great Britain, and on the summer visitors who, when the weather is fine, swarm upon the esplanade and sprawl upon the sands. The annual Plenary Conference of League of Nations Societies was originally scheduled for Dresden, but after the March fiasco at Geneva the plans were hastily changed, and little Aberystwith was chosen in its stead.

Aberystwith greeted it with Welsh music, fervent and stirring, Welsh enthusiasm, and Welsh hospitality. David Davis, M. P., a man of great influence in the countryside, made all the foreign delegates his guests, and hotels and university dormitories opened their doors wide in uncalculating hospitality. Among the delegates were the veteran Dumba of Austria, Giannini of Italy, Norman Angell, who had lived to see his prophecies too truly realized and bore the look of it, the Viscountess Gladstone (nibbling chocolates in moments of relaxation), and the Russian Princess Radziwill, somber and brooding and elegantly gowned. There were Admiral Lowe of the British navy and General Montgelas of the German army, but the delegate who focused most popular interest and curiosity was Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, one-time ambassador from Germany to the United States of America.

This, it seemed, was Count Bernstorff's first public appearance in an enemy country since the war. David Davis presided, flanked by the ruddy bishop with his spectacles on the end of his nose, and the mayor, resplendent in robe and chain. The meeting was perhaps an hour old when David Davis rose to introduce Bernstorff.

He moved forward resolutely with a pale, set face. It was apparent that he was used to facing antagonism and hatred, and that while he would not allow them to stand in his way, that they were iron in his soul. At his opening words a dreadful and passionate cry came from the back of the hall. A man had risen in the audience and with a face distorted by passion shrieked aloud: "How about the Lusitania? How about the Lusitania, I say!" The tones went through and through his hearers. They expressed the extremity of emotion; one wondered of what terrible experience it was the expression.

There was a moment of uncertainty. Many in the great audience shared the emotion of the man who had cried out. Bernstorff's name would always be linked with the most spectacular crime of the war, whose sufferings were fresh in the memory of every one present. The meeting might have in a moment been turned into a riot, but a spirit that did credit to the people of that remote provincial town prevailed. Some one led off in applause, obviously intended to cover the disturbance, and in a moment it was taken up by the crowd till the hall reechoed to it. And when Bernstorff resumed his speech he received an ovation, led by David Davis.

The incident expressed a willingness and a wish to believe in the sincerity of the man so lately hated and feared as a dangerous enemy, when he said to them virtually: "The old way was an evil way. Let us find a better one."

Honfleur, France, August 15 Mary Kelsey

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International Relations Section

Russia, the Land of Contradictions

By SHERWOOD EDDY*

I

DURING August I made my fourth visit to Russia with a party of twenty-four American business men, editors, educators, and social workers. On my first visit in 1912, under the Czarist regime, I obtained police permits to conduct religious meetings in St. Petersburg and Kiev, and, although denied permission, conducted meetings in the rooms of the students in Moscow. In 1926, after nine years under the present Government, while our country has been flooded with propaganda both red and white and with the wild tales of émigrés of the old order, it seemed that the time had come for an unofficial group to make an objective, impartial, fact-finding study of actual conditions in Russia and to share their impressions with their friends in America.

As a month was all too short to make such a study, Professor Jerome Davis of Yale, who speaks Russian well after living under the Czarist, Kerenski, and Soviet regimes, was sent in advance to gather information and make preparations for the party. We were particularly on our guard lest we should be a "personally conducted" delegation shown only the most favorable things by government interpreters. Our party included four persons who spoke Russian and we employed twelve other interpreters, the majority of whom belonged to the old order rather than the new. We were granted entire freedom in Russia, we went where we wished, chose the institutions we wished to inspect, and freely interviewed both friends and foes of the present Government.

Some of us flew from Berlin to Moscow in a day, in a never-to-be forgotten flight in a storm. During a total of two weeks in Moscow we interviewed some thirty of the Soviet Union's principal leaders, including Stalin, who, more than any other, has succeeded to Lenin's influence and power; Chicherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Lunacharski, Minister of Education, and many heads of departments of the state and the church, members of the Czarist regime, foreign diplomats, business men, and newspaper correspondents, as well as workers and peasants. We visited, of course, all possible places of importance, such as the historic Kremlin, the seat of the present Government, as it had been the fortress and home of the rulers of church and state for eight centuries. We saw the palaces and crown jewels of the Czars, also factories, schools, prisons, museums, galleries, and the remarkable institutions of social education and service for workers and peasants, of which Russia is so proud.

We visited the medieval city of Nizhni-Novgorod and attended its picturesque fair, which for five centuries has been a meeting-place of East and West. We inspected here one of the 300 high-power wireless stations by which Russia keeps in touch with all parts of the world. For a night and a day we journeyed down the blue Volga to Kazan, the capital of the autonomous Tartar Republic which claims to represent one of a hundred peoples, nationalities, and minorities now liberated for the full development of their own culture, education, and government, as a voluntary member of the U.S.S.R. Four members of the party visited the southern Ukraine, the Crimea, and the Caucasus, while one crossed and recrossed the Trans-Siberian Railway. After visiting Leningrad, most of the party left by way of Finland or Poland.

Before attempting to evaluate the present situation in Russia, may I mention one or two fundamental facts:

1. The significance of the present experiment in Russia can hardly be exaggerated either in its possibilities for good or for evil. Here is the largest country in the world, with an area approximately equal to twice that of the continent of Europe, twice that of the United States, or one-sixth of the habitable land surface of the earth, with the largest undeveloped resources of any country in the world. Here is the largest white population in the world, 140,000,000 persons, a truly great people whose human resources far outweigh their material possessions. Siberia alone, almost a continent in itself, rich and fertile, if populated with the density of Belgium would accommodate almost twice the earth's present population. Here is this great people trying the most colossal experiment in history in this vast laboratory of social research. Here for the first time in history, on such a scale, a government of workingmen and peasants is trying seriously to solve social problems that have baffled humanity for centuries. A powerful world movement, with its party already represented in fifty-two countries and united in an "International" with a frankly avowed aggressive world program, is too serious a factor to be met with ignorance, indifference, misrepresentation, or falsehood. Russia is under a stable government which has been recognized by all the other leading governments of the world, after overcoming for nine years probably the greatest obstacles which ever faced any country. It is time we turned from second-hand propaganda to come to grips with the basic facts and stark realities of the situation. For good or evil, from the point of view of shaping history, Russia is one of the two most significant countries in the world today, our own being the other.

2. The basic poverty of Russia must not be forgotten in understanding its situation. The average wage of labor in industry is less than a dollar a day (it was twenty-five cents a day outside the two great cities on my last visit three years ago) and it is much less in agriculture. Russia was ruined after five centuries of a corrupt Czarist regime, after the greatest loss of any nation in the World War, after two revolutions, a world blockade, invasion by armies of the Allied nations, fighting at one time on twelve different fronts, meeting the sabotage of its own bureaucracy, surviving a famine where three millions perished; Russia was swept by pestilence, with the peasants on strike reducing the area under cultivation by half, and with industries disorganized and reduced to one-seventh of their pre-war production. Add to all this Russian character and custom, its primitive methods, its still largely illiterate masses, its casual, inefficient methods, its ancient tradition of graft, its lack of personal initiative, and you have a state

* Sherwood Eddy headed the unofficial group which went to investigate Russia. The conclusions reached and the judgment of the group on the advisability of American recognition of the Soviet Union will be printed next week in the International Relations Section.

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of basic poverty which conditions and limits the entire system. Russian industry cannot yet produce enough to meet the demands of its own peasantry and under primitive methods in agriculture the yield per acre is only one-third what it is in Germany.

3. Yet industry and agriculture are steadily recovering. After having fallen to 14 per cent of their pre-war production in industry, the Russian people this year have recovered almost 90 per cent of their former maximum production, both in industry and agriculture, and will probably equal it next year. Despite all obstacles their budget has been balanced, their currency stabilized, and most of their available land, although nominally owned by the state, has been divided and has come into the permanent possession of the peasants. Although it will be long delayed for lack of funds, they have begun the most complete system of electrification in the world. After examining the evidence pro and con, although some authorities disagree, personally I believe that the trend of events points to two economic conclusions. First, that although the process will be delayed without foreign capital nothing outside Russia can now prevent the ultimate economic success of the Soviet experiment. Second, barring those who have been accepted and are working loyally in the present economic order, the treatment of the former privileged tenth of the population has been cruelly unjust; yet the condition of nine-tenths of the great masses in industry and agriculture is on the whole slightly better economically and immeasurably better in the releasing of the human spirit for self-realization and self-expression than it was under the blindly repressive Czarist regime. This is true not only among the communal city workers, but particularly among the hardy individualistic and independent peasants now awakened by the World War, the new education, and growing self-government. The 8,700,000 members of trade unions have more influence in the democratic sharing of control in industry and in government than in any other country, but they have no autocratic power. Strikes are legal, infrequent, and as a rule are quickly settled by conciliation boards or by arbitration courts. The cooperative movement is one of the strongest in the world with 11,000,000 members in the Consumers and 7,650,000 in the Producers and Farmers Cooperatives, with some duplicate members. These cooperatives are not only an economic but a vast educational and social force making for the recovery of the nation.

4. The present Soviet Government has come to stay. With all its faults it seems to be on the whole much better than the former hideous Czarist regime. Although its downfall has been eagerly predicted for the last nine years it was never so strong as it is today. Whatever its faults there is no other party or government in sight that could govern Russia and maintain law and order. Few of the people want to go back to the slavery of the Czars or the nerveless rule of Kerenski. We found no government in Europe more stable and strongly intrenched. No other has made so many changes and adaptations in the last nine years, none has been more willing to confess its many mistakes and learn from them. Its army has been reduced to one-tenth the size of six years ago, from 5,300,000 in 1920 to some 550,000 today. Judged both by expenditure and the size of the army in proportion to population, which is lower than the surrounding nations, the actual policy of the Government at home seems to make for peace.

(To be concluded next week)

Contributors to This Issue

STELLA CROSSLEY wrote Florida Cashes In Her Chips in *The Nation* for July 7.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "Bunk," "Lottery," and "Bread and Circuses."

MARY D. BRITE wrote Anyhow Debs Spoke in Cincinnati in *The Nation* for July 25, 1923.

FRANCIS PAUL is a pseudonym.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, the winner of *The Nation's* 1926 Poetry Contest, is the author of "Banners," "Honey Out of the Rock," and a novel, "A Brittle Heaven."

JAMES RORTY is on the staff of the *New Masses*. A volume of his poems, "Children of the Sun," is published this fall.

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of "Body of This Death."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is one of the editors of the *Measure*.

MARY AUSTIN is the author of "The American Rhythm" and many other volumes, including the chapter on Aboriginal Literature in the Cambridge History of American Literature.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Mohammed," published this fall.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is the author of "Up Stream" and "Israel," and "The Case of Mr. Crump," just published.

RALPH M. PEARSON is the author of "How to See Modern Pictures."

WILLIAM LINN WESTERMANN is professor of history at Columbia University.

ZONA GALE is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett." Her latest book is "Preface to a Life."

H. L. MENCKEN is the editor of the *American Mercury*. His fall publications include "Americana—1926," "Notes on Democracy," and "Prejudices: Fifth Series."

H. S. JENNINGS is professor of zoology at Johns Hopkins University.

JOHN MACY'S latest publication is "Romance of America as Told in Our Literature."

J. A. HOBSON is an English economist and contributing editor of *The Nation*.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD has been professor of history at the universities of Illinois and Minnesota.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE is chairman of the department of church history at the University of Chicago.

B. H. HAGGIN is writing a set of articles on music and its criticism of which this is the introduction.

SHERWOOD EDDY formerly represented the Y. M. C. A. in Russia, and is the author of "Russia, A Warning and a Challenge," and other books.

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INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS SECTION, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

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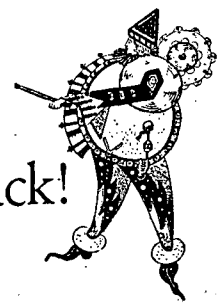

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17	James Weldon Johnson	"The Negro and the American Labor Movement"
24	Will Durant	"The Modern Woman"
31	Charles Stelzle	"What About Prohibition?"
Nov. 7	Tony Sender	"Socialism and the New Germany"
14	Rabbi A. Josiah Ford	"The Black Jews"
21	J. Malcolm Bird	"The Present Status of Psychical Research"
28	Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota	"The Revolt in the West"
Dec. 5	Margaret Sanger	"The Future of Birth Control"
12	Judge Florence Allen	To be Announced
19	John Haynes Holmes	"The Rights of Man versus the Rights of Men—A new Reading of Democratic Ideals"
26	Edmund B. Chaffee	The Significance of Christmas

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24	"Behaviorism and Religion"
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14	"Is One Race Better Than Another?"
21	"Can American Radicals Be Thankful?"
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Fall Book Section

Poems

Animula Vagula

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Afternoon edges toward evening
Like a tired stallion,
Snuffing the yellow grain that the road spreads
Before the bin of sunset.
But I, the rider,
Must slip from the saddle only to mount again.
The moon will fur with light all the great heads
Of night's twelve horses
Galloping under me,
Before I come
To what awaits me—
And that will not be home.
Travelers, heavily sleeping in strange beds,
Hearing in sleep the whistling groan of a mare
In labor,
I am one
Of your sad company.
And when you rise and miss a horse to ride,
And crouch over your sore bodies,
And curse
Because you cannot journey further, I
Shall nurse my wounds with you—
I shall be there.

The River

By JAMES RORTY

Given a broad-flowing river, a calm and lordly river,
Peace may be made with a green bank sloping, a red cow drinking,
Trees, and white houses, the ripe corn shedding
Pollen for bees to go bearing and sharing
Up the warm valleys.
Peace may be made, and happy songs for singing
Under the blue sky, softly, quietly singing
Beside the broad river.

War may be made with a river, happy war;
A pushing war upstream, the tough blades churning and the blunt prows shoving back
The will of the wide-bowing river. This
Be your Answer and your Cause: to wage
Against the twilight silence of the shadowy capes that reach
Gray hands to quell the river's day-warmed pride,
A steaming, shouting war; to lead
By night, by day, your burdened conquest through
The willow-bordered bays, the slow canals that thread
The humming fragrance of the summer fields,
Until the rolling barges swim at last
In the wind and the sun of the lake's wide freedom. . . . War,
Brave war may be made with a river.

Death may be found in a river, night and death;
Death without fear, a grave and reasoned death.
For the river is wide, and the mirrored window-lights that peer
From the depths of the night-stricken river—do they not
Say always the same thing? Or do the voices change
That whisper, close in the night among the trees,
"Kiss me," and "Love me, do not wait" . . .?
Death may be found in a river. If the tower clock
Thrust high in the night by the surge of the turbulent city,
Weary of Time, should bend and dip
The light-flower of its spire within the flood
Of the deep, unhurrying river—would that be
A thing for wonder? Or if one or two
Stray souls grown very free should leave
The blaze of the boulevards, and walk far out, and cast
Deep anchor where the river meets the sea, and there
Baptize their quiet brows
With the salt of a sure salvation . . . well, what then?
Must there be shouting and alarms? . . . One yields at last
To the will of the wide-flowing river.

Dark Summer

By LOUISE BOGAN

Under the thunder-dark, the cicadas resound.
The storm in the sky mounts, but is not yet heard.
The shaft and the flash wait, but are not yet found.
The apples that hang and swell for the late comer,
The simple spell, the rite not for our word,
The kisses not for our mouths, light the dark summer.

Text for a Bitter Vision

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The flesh is a cheat, said I, the flesh is a cheat,
A mockery in dumb show, a pantomime
To fool my vision on the sunny street,
Or dupe my blindness in a darker time;
Under this acid gaze, this second sight,
Beloved girls who wander to and fro
Turn into racks of skeletons, ash-white,
Who jerk and hitch a little as they go.

And all the old distinctions I have known
And had some faith in, what are they, I said:
The flesh, a draper's imposition, thrown
Across the ribs; that other hoax, the mind,
A thickish gruel, more or less refined,
Poured in a bony noggin called the head.

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The Road to the Spring

By MARY AUSTIN

TWENTY years ago those of us who were in a position to assert our faith in the relevancy of Amerind poetry to the evolving American aesthetic did so in the face of a general skepticism as to its authenticity. Improbable, said editors and critics, that verse so limpid and explicit could be the work of ignorant "savages." Today, unable longer to deny the fact, reluctant critics defend their failure to appreciate the significance of the increasing bulk of credible translations, on the ground that it is none of it sufficiently pleasing as poetry to be taken into the national account. Both of these attitudes are eminently characteristic of our American—or should I say democratic?—disposition to rate art values by their concurrence with the immediate intellectual prepossession. As a matter of fact, except for less than a score of individual lyrics, the absolute rendering into English of what Witter Bynner has called "the serenities, the simplicities, the grave and happy mysticism of Indian song" has not yet been made. Probably it can not be made until, at least among people who concern themselves professionally with poesy, there exists toward our aboriginal literature such a cultural perspective as we give to the Greek Anthologies.

For the present, however, it is not necessary that such translation appear, since it is evident that for the people who do interest themselves in Indian song it serves a purpose other than and—for the time—more important than aesthetic appreciation. It serves for the untwining of the three-plied cord of rhythm, melody, and ideation of which poetry is made. For in our time all three of these modes of poetic expression have so altered their form and relative values that the modern poet, when not inhibited in the use of one or the other of them, is at least staggered. Not only have the sword-waving, crosier-bearing, lute-plucking gestures that accompanied the dance of life for the elder poets changed to the movement of a machine-timed, crowd-swayed age. The key of poetic inspiration, the plane of consciousness from which poetic perceptions arise, has been transposed to regions unfamiliar to the young muses. So much so that the whole art of poesy, from being the special mode of youth, promises to become, as it was in the beginning, the preoccupation of the grave and wise, the medium of truth to be apprehended only at levels beyond the reach of sense and sentiment.

Poetry is a medium of expression which requires the whole man; body movement, concreted in the drum and the rattle or, as with us, in the stress and fall of syllables; voice, tempered to musical pitch and interval and these modulated finally to the flow and succession of vowels and consonant; and ideation, controlled by the precise choice and dexterous use of words. The various kinds of poetry take their technical names from the several manners in which these elements are employed. In the passage of poetry from its aboriginal expression by the whole man—pounding feet, shaken rattle, singing voice, leaping body—into the printed page, poetry has taken on an infinity of devices. Many of these, such as assonance, alliteration, rhyme, both internal and terminal, and stanzaic pattern, the modern poet tends to discard in the effort to renew his footing on the bare and salty earth; some of them no doubt to be picked up again with new insight into their value and use. But what *now* to discard, what to maintain as fundamental amid the clanging alterations of the national expression? Rhyme and fixed stanzaic pattern, as substitutes for melodic effect, are being rather widely let go. But what of rhythm, the printed modulation of body gesture? To what extent will the machine-rhythm, rapidly reducing the gestures of the whole world to uniformity, prevail against the local rhythms of natural environment, the landscape line, the seasonal succession, race, climate?

The poet, who sings more or less under the pressure of such readjustments subconsciously taking place in the racial matrix of his group, will accept with what dignity he can the handicap of a fumbling uncertain age. But the critic and the teacher, while they wait for sheer genius to produce the absolute rearrangement of the technical elements, must resort for forecast and example to the unselfconscious song of the American aboriginal. American for choice, not only because it is the only *living* body of primitive verse easily accessible but because it has, binding it to the modern condition, the inescapable natural background, all that the soil, the scene, supplies. Students can find, if they know where to look for them, rhythms of the corn lands, of the great plains, the desert and the wooded ranges. But Amerindian verse has more than this which is intrinsically American in the modern sense. It has that preponderance of the communal impulse over the personal which is beginning to be hopefully and yet so menacingly the American note. And it has this advantage over every other body of primitive literature which can be conveniently studied in schools—racial purity of expression; nothing borrowed, nothing engrafted. Altogether an admirable medium in which to study the movement of the poetic impulse working from within outward to clothe itself with literary form.

The true use of poetry is to the makers of it. It serves others, if at all, by giving pleasure, the pleasure arising from the absolute welding of force and form which we call aesthetic. Anybody who is expecting from our aboriginal verse, or neglecting it because it has not, the quality of giving rise to poetic impulses in others announces himself by that expectation as lacking in the original strain from which poetic impulses immemorial take their source. He is showing himself to be, if a poet at all, merely an *induced* poet; a state from which, like the soft iron which becomes a magnet when subjected to the electric charge, he will, when the inducting charge is cut off, find himself returning to the condition of soft iron. No one can by taking thought or by reading the works of other poets become more poetic than he naturally is. The most he can hope for is the illumination of form. For what is all art, all manners, but the experimental search for form adequate to the animating impulse? And when the current forms of a given art are no longer found equal to the current inspiration, to what source could the artist more hopefully turn for such illumination than to a society in which man has not yet shorn himself of *any* of his possibilities of expression? The Amerind, if he requires it to complete his poetic form, may stamp the earth, leap in the air, shake a rattle, or, for the announcement of his title, paint himself red and yellow, as a Song of the Sun, or black and white and green, as a Song of the Earth Needing Rain. He is not only free of all possible rhythms and patterns but he is not even bound to the word. He may add or interpolate syllables until the words are "lengthened for singing"—that is, until they fit

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properly into the rhythmic pattern which his poetic emotion naturally takes. By the fresh observation of this instinctive choice among the elements that make up poetic form the perplexed modern, tormented by ideas which he cannot make at home in traditional verse forms, may see his way in his own work to a choice nearer to his desire. It has never been so much as suggested, by any of us who have been in a position to make such observation, that modern poets should write in the Indian manner. Only that, by studying the manner in which the untutored mind displays itself among its materials—stress, movement, color, pattern, sounds, and words—we may make a new and more satisfactory alignment of the modern equivalents for such material. It is the road to the spring that we travel, to the source of man's medium, rather than to his emotions; a road which every people must take from time to time if it would not see its own most intimate expression smothered in staleness, ossified by tradition.

Not that Amerindian verse has not aesthetic charm when successfully rendered into English. It is a wicked waste of a national resource that we make no move to finance the translation of the best of it by students poetically endowed, instead of trusting it to ethnologists who make no claim to poetic gifts, or to scholars, such as Nellie Barnes, Hartley Alexander, and Eda Lou Walton, whose interest is scholarly rather than poetic. Nevertheless, it is in the work of faithful students that the treasures of Amerindian poetry are most usefully preserved. In these unpremeditated motions of man's mind toward the use of his whole self in the expression of the deepest impulses of that self is the root, sound and nourishing, of the sum of all those affective impulses which we know as culture. Only when we come around again to the Amerindian capacity for putting the whole man into any cultural expression shall we achieve its ideal.

James Ralph, Jack of All Literary Trades

By R. F. DIBBLE

AMONG all that numerous crowd of forgotten literary worthies and unworthies who wrote and rewrote, ate and starved, hated and loved with equal abandon during the early eighteenth century, James Ralph is probably buried in the profoundest obliteration. His name can be found today in only three works of importance: Franklin devoted some pages of his "Autobiography" to him; Pope slaughtered him in one of the most merciless couplets in the "Dunciad"; and Boswell honored his memory with two small footnotes in the "Life of Johnson." Yet during his topsy-turvy life Ralph was a luminary of considerable magnitude. He was a sort of literary godfather to Fielding; Walpole and Bolingbroke alternately sought and feared his vitriolic political pen; it is probable that King George III himself paid 150 good British pounds to secure a document written by Ralph, in which the kingly vices were uproariously revealed; and in 1753 Franklin, disillusioned though he was, admitted that while Ralph's "reputation was indeed small as a poet . . . he was esteem'd one of the best political writers in England, and his prose was thought as good as any man's."

His early years are shrouded in irritating obscurity. Born possibly in Pennsylvania, perhaps in 1698, though more probably in 1705, he first appears definitely in Philadelphia in 1724 as a merchant's clerk who loved to read, to scribble impossible heroic couplets, and to say nasty deistic things about God. Franklin first met him in that year and found him to be "ingenious, genteel in his manners, and extremely eloquent; I think I never knew a prettier talker." For Ralph's budding poetic soul was already soaring far above the pettinesses of facts and figures. He thoroughly believed that he was destined to become an eminent poet; and when Franklin tried to discourage him by pointing out the innumerable flaws and conceits in his couplets, he would grandly reply that other poets, when they first began, made as many and probably more mistakes. Nor was he at all abashed when Franklin, forever prosy-minded, coldly remarked that he "approv'd the amusing one's self with poetry now and then, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther." So it came about that when Franklin sailed to Europe late in 1724 Ralph—nothing doubting that he would soon become the peer of Pope—sailed with his friend. The deceitful knave, who was both a husband and a father, pretended that he was going abroad merely on mercantile business; but Franklin soon discovered that, being in great disfavor with his wife's relatives, he "proposed to leave her on their hands and never return again." He never did.

For a time the two travelers were inseparable. They lodged, ate, and slept together in London; but there the partnership stopped, for Franklin alone paid the bills. Ralph had spent his last pistole on the ocean voyage, and therefore thought it only right that his friend should both discharge his debts and lend him money—did he not more than repay Franklin every day by parading solemnly around their little room, his hands swinging aloft and his voice vibrating with emotion, as he spouted a geyser of newly improvised verses? Bored almost to extinction, Franklin was only too pleased a find a good job at which he labored with all his terrific utilitarian efficiency. Left thus to himself, Ralph—who above all things needed an audience—decided to become an actor; but after he had displayed his wares he was candidly advised "not to think of that employment, as it was impossible he should succeed in it." His success in obtaining money from Franklin's rapidly diminishing store, however, was uniform and constant, and he used it in going to playhouses "and other places of amusement."

From this time on, in fact, he "seem'd quite to forget his wife and child." In the house where the two men resided there lived a "sensible and lively" milliner; and after Ralph had driven Franklin out into the streets to escape those awful mouthings and gestures the crafty fellow tried his poems and plays on the lady. The result was so perfectly satisfactory that "shortly in the book they read no more that day," but grew so intimate that "she took another lodging, and he followed her." For a year he dawdled about, doing nothing but manufacture verses and gratify himself in other ways; for his companion believed herself to be so much in debt to him that she paid all his accounts and supported herself and their child. At the end of this time, however, her money and patience were simultaneously exhausted, and Ralph accordingly decamped from London to take charge of a country school. But, deeming such a business to be far below him, he dropped his own name and assumed the name of Franklin; for he was "confident of better future fortune, when he should be unwilling to have

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it known that he once was so meanly employed." Furthermore, he felt perfectly justified in taking Franklin's name, since such a mere hard-working grind as Ben would obviously never make any name for himself.

Yet he still had enough respect for Franklin's literary judgment to send him large specimens of an epic poem, "desiring" as Franklin says, "my remarks and corrections." Ben replied by sending Ralph one of Young's recently published satires which showed the folly of pursuing the Muses, but "all was in vain; sheets of the poem continued to come by every post." Then Franklin, vexed even more by Ralph's rhymes than by his constant requests for more money, determined to get an ample revenge. He made overtures to the abandoned and lonesome milliner, and, "being at that time under no religious restraint, I attempted familiarities (another erratum) which she repuls'd with proper resentment, and acquainted him with my behavior." This affair gave the sly Ralph his cue. Equally tired of his debts and of the milliner, he saw the way to be free of both. On the one hand he could accuse her of infidelity, and on the other hand he could tell Franklin that, on account of his amorous activities, he "had cancell'd all financial obligations." But Ben was able to take care of himself He had lately published his first bit of writing, "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," and had dedicated it to his friend; but he held the scamp up to the scorn of posterity by including the publication of this pamphlet among his countless errata and by penning this line in his autobiography: "In the loss of his friendship I found myself relieved from a burthen." Yet at a later day, in commenting bitterly on the twenty-seven pounds he had forever lost to Ralph, Ben could not refrain from adding: "I loved him, notwithstanding, for he had many amiable qualities."

Meanwhile Ralph, thrown wholly on his own resources, returned to London and became a hack-writer. In 1728 he first burst into print with "Touchstone, or . . . Essays on the Reigning Diversions of the Town," a divertingly dull hodge-podge which showed an enormous amount of familiarity with the stage and the customs of Grub Street. During the next year there appeared his "Miscellaneous Poems," dedicated in most fulsome terms to the Earl of Chesterfield. They included "Night: a Poem," four cantos of blank verse that imitated Thomson's "Seasons"; "Clarinda, or the Fair Libertine," four cantos of heroic couplets that imitated Dryden; and "Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty," three cantos of such incredible blank verse that by no stretch of imagination can they be said to imitate anything. The book failed to succeed; but the "mungril Criticks," as Ralph called them, snarled and snapped over the shreds of the volume, while Pope conferred immortality upon him by writing:

> Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
> And makes *Night* hideous; answer him, ye owls.

Perhaps it was rather unkind of Pope to italicize Night; certainly it was unnecessary—in every way—for him to append a footnote which stated that Ralph was a "low writer."

For the first time in his life Ralph now felt despondent. Pope's couplet and footnote, he complained, prevented his success in any employment, even in the everlasting job of writing poetry. But in 1730 he became acquainted with Fielding, whom he at once took under his expansive wing; and in the same year Fielding's "Temple Beau" appeared, with a prologue written by Ralph. In it he lamented the decline of genuine comedy to farce, complained of the want of patronage by the great, and prayed that they would encourage true merit by making Fielding's play a success. They did. The result was that poor Ralph discovered he had started Fielding on the road to fame, while he himself remained as deep in the literary dumps as ever. But when Fielding ran the Haymarket Theater in 1736 he seems to have repaid the debt by allowing Ralph to become his assistant, and he also put in rehearsal Ralph's play, "The Astrologer." Unfortunately it was found necessary to subject the piece to an indefinite postponement; and in the end Ralph had to be satisfied with only one benefit performance of another of his plays, whose name, sad to relate, has not come down.

The disappointed poet and dramatist now turned to journalism. In 1738 Dodington employed him to write fiery denunciations of the Ministry, and in 1739 he became associate editor of Fielding's paper, *The Champion*, which constantly attacked Walpole and his coterie. When Fielding withdrew from this publication in 1741 Ralph succeeded him as sole manager and chief editorial writer. But though he did his best to imitate Fielding's indirect methods of attack, his ironies and his allegories, he failed, and *The Champion* quickly descended into a peevishly dull political journal that soon petered out in a chronic decline. Even successful imitation, it appears, was outside the scope of Ralph's genius.

His febrile activity soon turned itself into new channels. In 1742 he wrote a five-hundred-page attack on the aged Duchess of Marlborough, who had shown the temerity to defend Queen Anne; in 1743 there appeared his ponderous "Cultural History of the Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, by a Gentleman of Quality"; and in 1744 his "Use and Abuse of Parliaments" advanced the novel idea that parliamentary government must always be a failure. From 1744 to 1746 he was busy on his masterpiece, "The History of England During the Reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I. By a Lover of Truth and Liberty"—a book for which the most that can be said is that it added some new material to that of its predecessors. Those two massive folios do indeed show prodigious diligence, if little else; and they were actually praised—though, alas, after their author's untimely death—by Charles James Fox, by Lord Hallam, and by the *Edinburgh Review*.

This history also won him the favor of Bolingbroke, chief figure in the party headed by the Prince of Wales, and in 1748 Ralph was put in control of *The Remembrancer*, the mouthpiece of the Prince. Apparently on the road to real political preferment at last, he became almost optimistic again; but in a short time the Prince had the bad taste to die. So Ralph, down in the depths once more, aligned himself with the opposition on a new paper; but through the services of Garrick—who had once shown some mild interest in his dramatic productions—he was bought off in 1753 by the Pelham Ministry and given a yearly allowance of £300. For the next few years his literary work consisted of a series of letters which announced his annual visits to Newcastle House for the purpose of collecting his pension.

One other work, at least, came from his pen. In 1758 he published "The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade

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Stated," in which the concentrated spleen of thirty years of failure burst forth. In fact the book holds some slight interest even today, as being one of the first—possibly the very first—eighteenth-century protests against the treatment of poets and dramatists by booksellers and theatrical managers. In it he wantonly attacked his benefactor, Garrick, and on every page he stoutly defended authors who wrote for money—as well he might. But he wrote now merely from habit—"as alert with my Pen as a Wasp with its Sting"—not with the hope of winning any fame for himself. Optimism of every sort, even his faith in deism itself, had completely vanished. So utterly morose had he become that he could no longer read the prince of pessimists, Ecclesiastes, without parodying him: "I throw my Bread upon the Waters without any Hope of finding it after many Days."

The logic of events would seem to demand that his life should have become more and more gloomy until the squalid, poverty-stricken end. But it was not to be so; in his case virtue, as is proper, turned out to be its own reward. He who had ruined scores of quills and reams of foolscap to win the reputation that was ever denied him departed this life in a blaze of glory, as rich and famous men should depart. Racked with incessant stabs of pain though he was during his last months, he was nevertheless supremely happy and he greeted every twinge with a smile. His triumphant decrepitude gave him more satisfaction than anything else in his life had ever done. For on January 24, 1762, he died of the gout.

An Unknown Poet

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A FRIEND who suspected the miracle but wasn't quite sure brought him up to our apartment in Vienna one evening in the early fall. It was, whatever the result, a difficult situation. Good literature does somehow, I said to myself, manage to get itself published. Hadn't a Viennese publisher handed me the other day a new volume of lyrics by a man in whose future he had faith? It seemed superficially to speak against Dr. Ernst Waldinger that his two collections of verse were, for the present, hopelessly in manuscript. With what polite lies was I to save my face if the stuff proved immature or conventional? If, on the other hand, we were in the presence of the miracle, how was I to endure the poet's modesty of demeanor in the presence of the foreign and supposedly arrived man of letters? For the Viennese are a modest and a gentle folk. Amid the ruin of their land and city they go on producing more beautiful things in all the arts than the dwellers in any other place on earth. Yet they are strangely humble before the representatives of the peoples whom they think of as strong and victorious.

The poet proved to be slim and unobtrusive. He was the more shrinking because he had been almost mortally wounded and shell-shocked during the war. For months he had lain unconscious and dumb. A strange lisp had remained; he still hid a shattered hand. But from beneath his shrinking demeanor there came to us something sweet and indomitable and incorruptible. It was clear to me almost at once why he worked in a kinsman's mercantile establishment to earn bread for a wife and child; why he was allied to none of the various local literary groups or circles; why he knew no one in his native city. He couldn't ply the trade of letters. Since it never occurred to him that he could subordinate his duties as a man to his success as a poet, it was equally clear that he hadn't quite literally the time to call on editors or make appointments to meet people in the Café Central or Herrenhof or ingratiate himself with those editorial powers and principalities who precisely in Vienna operate with a good deal of social elegance and formality. He was closely allied by marriage to at least one Viennese of the highest international fame and to an Austro-American family of both wealth and distinction. I had but to look into Ernst Waldinger's eyes to understand his noble inability to press his claims either upon the very great man, absorbed, old, in uncertain health, or upon the American kinsmen, who, though intelligent and kindly and generous, were thinking of everything else rather than of the severest of the Muses. . . .

I begged him to honor us by reading a few poems. He sat down on a couch, half-turned away, shading his eyes a little. His voice was low but sonorous; the lisp almost disappeared. He read, like all poets, with heavy emphasis on the musical values of his verses. Without physically raising or lowering his voice he brought to our ears the resonance of thunder:

Aus goldnem Hämmern und aus Brunnenrauschen, —

and the song of flutes and soft recorders:

Du Flöte des Geschicks, du schwebst als glitte
Ein zartes Vögellied durch blaue Mitte.

He read a poem called L'Antichambre—

Wie viele Zeit verbringen wir vor Türen—

into which he had poured forever all the hesitancy and pain and pride and humiliation and despair and reassertion of the free self of all noble spirits who have had to be suppliants because they could never sink to the level of those outside whose doors they waited; he read a sonnet Unto Us a Son Is Born. . . .

Mayest thou have music loftier than our own,
Thou whose sweet eyes our ecstasy once bred;
Then wilt thou hear the hours' more patient tread
And with thy aspirations be at one.
Though many a flower must wither ere 'tis blown,
And many a goodly fruit unripe lie dead,
None ever came but in a savior's stead.
Mayest thou have music loftier than our own.

The somber burden which to thee we brought
Forgive thy parents and their hapless race!
Keep nothing of them but their yearning's grace
And guard it tenderly as they did not,
That or from discord or accordant tone
Thou mayest hear music loftier than their own.

Only he did not read this conventional verbiage into which I have forced his lovely spontaneity and packed significance. He read:

Dass du Musik hast über uns hinaus,
Süssblickender. . . .

He read, above all:

Doch keiner kam, der nicht zum Heil geboren. . . .

He fell silent amid the shadows of his corner on the couch, still shading his eyes, still hiding his wounded hand.

He must have perceived our emotion in the hush. He explained very simply that he had written a group of poems

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in which he had tried to interpret the inner significance of certain great forms of analogous creative acts within his own art. Thus he read us Fugue—swift, resonant stanzas concerning a tone that, rising from the silence of deep midnights, is married to sister-tones and reaches finally the throne of ultimate mystery; he read us Arabesques—the breathless, inconceivably swift interlacement of sinuous *terze rime;* he read us The Tower—a magnificent paean of all the unconquerable aspirations of mankind:

> Alle Ekstasen sollst du überstürmen,
> Allen Gebeten, die seufzen, beschwören,
> Gib die Gestalt und lass sie sich türmen,
> Steinerne Orgel zu brandenden Chören!

He read us finally his epilogue and confession of faith: Of Strong Humility. He who regards the universe with true piety holds nothing to be of small account; to him who reverences all life all things yield up their secrets. True love and faith purge the wild senses of terror and identify the soul in joy with the self-contemplative creativeness of God. All men are thus at one and equal in a glow like a still fire within the heavenly crystal; they are in the shadow of a spirit that manifests itself in all phenomena alike; they are members of a community divine by its very nature and sustaining the least and most fearful of its creatures. Thus in the strength of humility the circle of creation rejoices, knowing itself and all its works obedient to the ultimate command:

> Und in der Demut Stärke
> Frohlockt der Schöpfungskreis,
> Der sich und seine Werke
> Dem Sinn gehorsam weiss.

These poems were all from Dr. Waldinger's earlier manuscript collection: "Die Berufung." He was good enough later to give me a copy of his more recent work: "Gras Zwischen den Steinen." This is a continuous poem of forty sections or brief cantos, each section or canto consisting of seven stanzas. The form is severe and highly symmetrical, relying for variety upon the change of subject, mood, and inner music. The theme of the entire poem is the poet's boyhood and adolescence in Vienna. It shares with all first-rate literature the quality of being universal by virtue of its very concreteness. In those etched scenes of home and street and school the humblest, at times the most sordid details are—while remaining precisely what life makes them—lifted into the eternal world of the interpretative imagination. I cannot clear the barriers of language and convey any just notion of this poem. I have read it again and again in the carbon copy which Dr. Waldinger gave me. It moves me more each time, not less. I rank it in my own mind with Dehmel's "Zwei Menschen," with William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives," with that brief series of works, beginning with "Modern Love," in which, after so long and painful a divorce, verse and life, music and reality, high imagination and concrete experience are married once again. . . .

Waldinger is barely thirty. I cannot find any influence of any older poet in his verse except perhaps a slight tinge of Rilke in his earlier poems. What distinguishes him is, I take it, a union of precise fidelity to fact with plasticity of contour and musical resonance of texture. He describes, for example, a teacher in a school who overawes his pupils. To them he seems detached, noble, a superior being. The poor man is, in fact, pursued into his very classroom by sordid and domestic cares. At night he tries to flee from life by writing shoddy verses. Waldinger makes us feel the feelings of the small boys; next he makes us see as with the eyes of the body the humble and unhappy pedagogue. And the poem is as severe as a canto of Dante and as rich in vowel-music as a sonnet of Rossetti, and yet there blows through it a bleak wind of modern life and we know the brown, stained classroom and the man and his wife and the wretched little flat and the evening-lamp there by which the teacher writes his verses. . . .

It is months ago since Ernst Waldinger did me the honor of giving me his manuscripts. I do not know whether he has found a publisher. He probably thinks that I, like others whom I begged him to approach, am afflicted with what he once called "sloth of the heart" ("Trägheit des Herzens"). The truth is that I have had many qualms of conscience. But life is imperious in its demands. I have had nearer duties than that of speaking a word, ineffectual enough, for the marvelous poet who by chance came up my stairs one day. Also the history of literature persuades me to believe that such work as his cannot go permanently unnoticed and unpraised. To which he could justly reply that he needs publication and appreciation now, that gleam in these dim and penurious years would do more fo him, more therefore for poetry, than all the possible plaudits of a future when he will be indifferent and cannot enjoy them; when he may be solitary and cannot impart them. . . . The unforgettable words of Johnson embody the recurrent tragedy of the creative artist. Mindful of those words I have written this perhaps too personal and certainly quite inadequate account of my unknown poet. Even amid the clamorous business of the world it may be seen by a few who are not wholly unmindful of things precious and permanent.

The Plastic Artist in America*

By RALPH M. PEARSON

THEODORE DREISER, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, and Edgar Lee Masters say that if a literary artist does not thrive in America the fault is his, not America's. The vein of human ore runs as rich here as it has ever run, the artist as observer and teller of stories need not be rasped by unreason, instinct at play, hundred-percenters, our youth, our want of mellowness. These are our flavors. They are materials at hand to be used. "The whole story of the swift, sudden changes in life, the drive, the rush, the lost sense of values in the modern industrial world, the necessary loss of sensibilities too—is that not a story?" So, in the main, run the arguments. No conflict of standards, no definition of terms, particularly as to what is and what is not art in literature, is touched on. The artist's problem, it seems, comes down chiefly to a working adjustment between himself and his material.

Can this healthy situation, which Mr. Anderson extends to all the arts, be said to carry over to the plastic arts? Experience says, No. There may be similarities, but there are also extreme differences that change the face of things. If any "scribbler" doubts it let him paint a dozen pictures

* This is the tenth of a series of articles by American writers, answering in the light of their general experience the question: Can an artist function freely in the United States? Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, and Irwin Edman have hitherto contributed.

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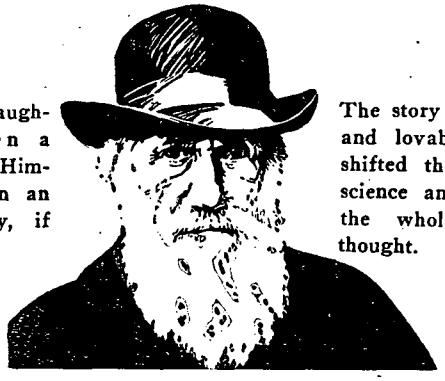

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that are works of art in the modern sense and see what happens. Subject matter undoubtedly is as rich and available as it has ever been or as it is in any field of art. Forms, textures, lines, colors are raw materials, like words and notes, waiting in limitless profusion to be used for expressing the endless aspects of life and nature. Materials, then, are the same. But when we come to the problem of adjustment to materials and to the entire problem of adjustment to the public the differences are certainly dominant.

Take, for instance, the matter of a standard. That Shakespeare, Flaubert, Keats, Masters, and Anderson are artists would be generally granted by the three groups that make their public—writers, critics, and general readers. In granting this much a standard of judgment is allowed which at least places the quality of art in the creative handling of material rather than in the material itself. Not so in plastic art. Cézanne and Sargent could both be called artists only by opposed schools of criticism—the one school seeing art mainly in style or creative expression, the other seeing it mainly in skilful recording of subject, or imitation. In the plastic field, therefore, a definition of terms is the necessary first step, and moreover it is the only escape for the individual from the imitative viewpoint or from the confusion incident to conflicting standards that are not clearly understood.

Both adherence to imitation and confusion of issues, as they work on the mind of an artist trained to the academic standard of the average school, prevent significant creation; but even mightier looms the economic issue. This hungry beast lies in wait just outside the door of the mind to stop all flights of fancy—to bring an artist's thoughts back to bread and gas. The artist, of course, can "go and be a banker," as Mr. Anderson suggests, and save his skin. But such a retreat will hardly solve the issue.

This economic matter does not take its root in the selfishness of an indifferent public. It is not that there is no money for art—or support for artists. Millions are freely given, and certain so-called artists can live like bankers without the bother of being bankers. It goes deeper than that. It goes back to a state of mind—a state of mind that, in the very act of generously supporting art as it understands it, is actually blighting art by non-support according to the newer concepts of the day.

The conception that visual art is a modified form of copying has permeated the English-speaking world so thoroughly that art quality (which all history proves cannot lie in that direction) has been lost sight of to a degree almost impossible to believe. So far has it gone that the lesson of Oriental art and of the classics of all ages is largely lost. So, too, is the lesson of the modern rediscovery of the moving power of design—which gives to those classics a greatly deepened meaning. Many authorities are in the same predicament as the general public and have failed as completely to extricate themselves from their inherited bias toward skilful imitation. The National Academy, the American Federation of Art, and many art schools, museums, critics, and art magazines are cases in point. For in giving their generous support to a type of work which Oriental culture finds vulgar they fail to support creation.

The calling of museum support "generous" must be explained. John Cotton Dana, one of the few officials with a conscience in the matter of living artists, says: "Our art museums have, up to this day, used not even as much as 2 per cent of their total expenditures for the purchase of objects produced in this country." Two per cent of all museum expenditures is a lot of money—perhaps ten or twenty or more thousands of dollars—enough to allow ten or twenty or more artists to quit commercial work and turn to creation. But it is not spent with this end in view. It is mainly spent for documents describing winter ably compiled by Redfield, or for those describing prominent persons compiled by Sargent and Louis Betts; which signifies generosity—to the recording school. With 98 per cent of their money going in other directions and the "generous" 2 per cent, if these figures are right, going for "safe and sane" contemporaries, creative expression is a bit obviously "up against" the economic issue so far as museums are concerned. The antidote (and fortunately there always is an antidote) is found in a different and more adventurous state of mind as evidenced in the acts of such courageous leader-officials as Mr. Dana, who is buying contemporary American art for the Newark Public Library with the definite aim of encouraging its production. Other antidotes are the educational activities of the Barnes Foundation, the encouraging-art-in-industry activities of the Art Center of New York, the museum exhibitions of contemporary work, the purchases of such adventurous collectors as John Quinn and Duncan Phillips, the growth of creative expression among children so ably reported in the last issue of "Progressive Education," etc., all of which contribute to the attainment of the creative goal in proportion as they refuse to compromise with the prevailing public taste of the day.

The state of mind which supports imitation is surprisingly unconscious at a time when consciousness of mental processes is so much the order of the day that a village library will have more requests for books on psychology than for those on any other serious subject. Satisfaction with the familiar, fear of the new and strange, run their course as unquestioned here as ever they did in the interior of darkest Africa. Mr. Dreiser in this series makes Sargent and Whistler represent the "really important artists." Mr. Cram damns modern art because it carries abstraction beyond familiar limits. Senator Beveridge calls art "truth." The great public knows what it likes and likes what it knows. Patrons of art give their thousands and millions for magnificent museums to house borrowed art of other ages. *And the creators of the day get on as best they may.* All because fear of the new and strange and desire for the safety of the guaranteed judgment stop all questing for adventure in the field of visual art.

In the literary department the new, even though it must batter against the same traits of mind, does get a hearing—does meet an alert analytical criticism that at least differentiates art from material. In the plastic department art is widely confused with material because the imitative tradition is accepted without analysis or because conflicting standards confuse the issue. It is the state of mind which allows the situation to exist, working both through the artist and through the patron, that chiefly prevents the free functioning of the creative plastic artist in America.

The Nation's *list of Notable Fall Books for 1926 will be found in the main section of the present issue, on pages 351-358.*

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From

GOETHE

To

Hauptmann

by Camillo Von Klenze

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by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

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Biography and Criticism

JOHN GARBER PALACHE

GAUTIER

AND THE ROMANTICS

A happy blend of biography, anecdote and criticism makes this volume a treasure trove of information and entertainment—one of the few books on the subject in the English language. Mr. Palache, author of *Four Novelists of the Old Régime,* has successfully depicted the life of Gautier and of his circle, Flaubert, Balzac, Turgenev, the Goncourts, Baudelaire, George Sand and many other famous figures of the period. In addition he has brought to his task a keen critical appreciation and narrative art. Illustrated. $3.00

Transition

by Edwin Muir

Edwin Muir needs no introduction to the readers of *The Nation.* His brilliant essays on contemporary literature have, many of them, appeared in these pages. In *Transition* he reveals the entire tendency and direction of the present age of literature through a keen analysis of the most interesting and baffling English writers of today: Strachey, Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Stephen Hudson, Aldous Huxley, Edith Sitwell, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf and others. $2.00

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First Glance

"THE Heart of Emerson's Journals," edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin: $3) from the now famous ten volumes published between 1909 and 1914, will probably establish itself as the best single book to which to go for a picture of the living Emerson. The "Essays" have lost a little of their vitality, though perhaps not much; the poems, which gain in strength as time passes, are nevertheless only Emerson at his highest and rarest. Here are both the essayist and the poet at their bubbling source, set in relation to the more general man who must always be interesting chiefly for the thing he spent his life in trying to become. Here is no finished product—poem or essay; here is the naked endeavoring soul.

The "Journals" are important among other reasons because they show Emerson in the act of becoming a writer. This, I fancy, was the dominant function of his life; and the process was never done. From the day when as an undergraduate he read Ben Jonson not for "edification" but for "vigorous phrases and quaint, peculiar words and expressions" until the day when at 69, wandering a little in his wits, he noted the necessity of capturing every birdlike perception before it flew away forever—from first to last he was engaged in making himself a perfect artist of the darting word. With Emerson, as with his disciple Thoreau, writing was almost a disease. He admitted that his fondness for it was "immoderate." It was the language of Carlyle, not the thought, that he respected. As much as anything else it was the speech of common people—not their manners or their characters—that made him a defender of democracy. For him the magic of poetry was the magic of verse. Always he studied expression, which for him was a mode of life quite as much as it was a mode of art. In his youth he doubted himself: "I find myself often idle, vagrant, stupid, and hollow." He was appalled at the intermittence of his intellectual power, which seemed to come and go like the inspiration of poets. The story of his progress toward self-reliance is the story of his advancing confidence in himself as a writer.

I should not like to stress this too much, or to cheapen Emerson by emphasizing only his occupation with technique. In truth, however, expression and perception were with him inseparable things. He doubtless thought of himself as one whose business it was to apprehend reality. I think of him as one who kept a Journal for the purpose of building a universe out of words. Without a notebook there would have been no world for him; at least the world he saw would not have held together without the cement of innumerable sentences. There is more to say about Emerson than this, but this is important and everything else is somehow connected with it. His distinction as an observer, for instance, was that while he observed heaven and earth ideally, saying to himself that "the world can never be learned by learning all its details," he yet was absorbed in details. Like his master Plato he denied appearances only after loving them—possibly because he loved them. He loved every fact. "A man must have aunts and cousins, must buy carrots and turnips, must have barn and woodshed, must go to market and to the blacksmith's shop, must saunter and sleep and be inferior and silly." He lived on earth as well as air; respectability, moral and intellectual, was never enough for him. But this fact is intimately connected with the fact that literary respectability bored him too. He valued all good words, fine or coarse: "What a pity that we cannot curse and swear in good society!" Of few in his class can it be said more accurately that the writer was the man. And what a writer!

MARK VAN DOREN

The Democratizing of a Civilization

Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire. By M. Rostvotzeff. Vol. I: *Social and Economic Development.* Oxford University Press. $15.

> But the ultimate problem remains like a ghost, ever present and ever unlaid. Is it possible to extend a higher civilization to the lower classes without debasing its standard and diluting its quality to the vanishing-point? Is not every civilization bound to decay as soon as it begins to penetrate the masses?

THIS is the problem which presents itself to Professor Rostvotzeff at the close of his remarkable study of the social and economic evolution, and devolution, of ancient pagan civilization when it had taken its ultimate form in the Roman Empire of the first three centuries of the Christian era. The total impression left by the book is that it is the most important study in the field of Roman imperial history since the appearance of the fifth volume of Mommsen's Roman history. In the wisdom of a mature and ripened scholarship Professor Rostvotzeff leaves unsolved the empirical problem to which his studies have brought him. It is a question, indeed, which the successive civilizations of history have not, as yet, adequately answered.

Professor Rostvotzeff presents his idea somewhat as follows. The Mediterranean area had developed, preceding and during the Hellenistic period, a high standard of living in all fields of human endeavor. The Roman Empire inherited these high standards. It spread them widely in Western Europe. The reasons why the world ruled by the Roman emperors failed to maintain these standards were of many kinds, psychological, social, economic, and political. All of these factors Professor Rostvotzeff recognizes. He seems to summarize them under one general observation. This is that the upper, the educated classes in the period of the empire were absorbed by the lower classes; and that this absorption resulted in a leveling of culture downward. The masses were unable to assimilate the intellectual interests and powers which had distinguished the elite leadership of the Hellenistic age and the first century of Roman imperial history. In other words, ancient society was unable to meet the problem of democratizing its culture. In the final words of his book, quoted above, Professor Rostvotzeff leaves a small loophole for optimism regarding the possibility of a successful generalizing of culture in the future. Despite that suggestion of optimism, one is left with the impression that he agrees with Eduard Meyer's dictum that the broader the stream of culture becomes the less deep must its average necessarily be.

This book is an amazing attempt to formulate and follow in their flow and their changes of directions the currents of the social and economic life of the Mediterranean lands under Roman imperial administration. The author is quite justified in his claim that this is a pioneer attempt to gather all the materials now available in these two fields of historical interest for the period which he covers, to fix clearly the ascertainable facts, and to determine from these facts the general tendencies which they indicate. Many and serious difficulties arise chiefly from the sporadic character of the evidence. Upon all fields of ancient history this is true. But it is particularly marked in the case of the economic evidence. The scholarship developed by the ancient Greeks did not distinguish economics from politics, but treated it as a subsidiary branch of

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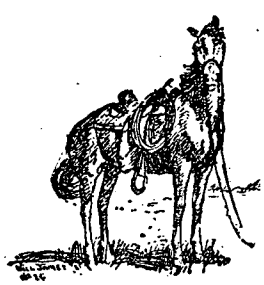

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political science. Hence no Greek or Latin author ever wrote a general book upon economic history. Only a few brochures, one upon a practical and immediate problem in the field of public finance, and a number of treatises upon the practice of agriculture, attest to their understanding of the existence and the importance of the economic structure upon which their political and social life was based. For practical aid in administrative activities the Hellenistic monarchies and the Roman imperial government gathered statistics, it is true. But they had no thought of their availability for sociological purposes. The statistics which they gathered have come down to us only in shreds and spots. Statistical aids for modern research in the field of antiquity are therefore as completely lacking as is the help which one might have had from Greek scholarship had it interpreted its own economic life in its own way and with its own peculiar and brilliant gifts.

Professor Rostvotzeff is entirely conscious of these disabilities which were inherent in his task. His attitude is that of a person who projects working hypotheses and problems for solution. This is sound method. His method being sound, his results, even where he is forced to reconstruct the picture forward and backward from the evidence which is at hand, are always worthy of the greatest consideration. In the notes to the successive chapters, assembled at the end of the book, one finds references to the numerous books and research articles which Professor Rostvotzeff himself has written. In the writing of these books and articles, covering a long period of productive scholarship, the author has assembled that complete knowledge of the ancient evidence which gives his present constructive effort its authority. Perhaps the most marked feature of his method is his extensive and skilful use of modern archaeological researches. In this respect his method ranks with that found in the best of the modern studies in related fields, such as those of Eduard Meyer, Camille Jullian in his "Histoire de la Gaule," or Stephane Gsell in his "Histoire de l'Afrique du Nord."

The general thesis of this important volume seems to rest upon the assumption that all high civilizations are urban civilizations. After establishing the urban character of the Hellenistic civilization of the last three pre-Christian centuries he follows this urbanized life in its vicissitudes through the first three Christian centuries until it becomes congealed in the Oriental despotic governmental form of Diocletian and Constantine. The Roman citizen armies of Augustus and of the early Empire represented the solid opinion of the educated and propertied elements of the city populations. In the second century the army levies of the Roman state were made up of country people, the peasants of the less civilized provinces of the empire. In the third century there arose a social and economic maladjustment between the urban centers of civilization and the area of agricultural production, the peasantry of the Roman world. In the third century this maladjustment produced a crisis of hatred of the oppressed country population against the cities and their culture which expressed itself in the form of assaults upon the cities by the peasant armies of the state. In this period of the crisis of the third century many of the cities were destroyed. The urban civilization of the ancient pagan world was ruined; and another, a more primitive, type replaced it.

In the handling of the materials upon which this general theory is founded Professor Rostvotzeff is a master. The principal criticism of the book lies in the fact that the author has suggested explanations in too many cases. His vigorous intelligence will leave nothing at loose ends. In this effort the materials have been over-schematized. At least this is my opinion. But within this general theoretical covering there lie an amazing number of new, fresh, and penetrating ideas. The net result is a work of amazing vigor and interest—a really significant and lasting gift to historical scholarship.

WILLIAM LINN WESTERMANN

Primitive Sculpture

Primitive Negro Sculpture. By Thomas Munro and Paul Guillaume. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

THE first problem with which the critic of any plastic art is faced—the problem of disengaging from one another the various kinds of appeal which the work presents, of determining how much of the delight which it affords is due to associations, literary, historic, or emotional, and how much to qualities intrinsic in the work itself—is modified and complicated in the case of an art as completely exotic as that of primitive Negro sculpture. It is true that such an art is devoid of some of those extraneous sources of interest which delude people completely anaesthetic to plastic beauty into the belief that they "like pictures." Being in an entirely unfamiliar tradition, it awakens no habitual response, like the suppressed "ah" which greets the stereopticon lecturer's *pièce de résistance*, to things like sunsets which have always been assumed to be beautiful. Moreover, it carries with it no reference to familiar situations surrounded by emotion, for the customs, social or religious, to which a Negro fetish relates are infinitely remote, and it cannot be enjoyed like a picture of the Crucifixion because the spectator happens to have received a Christian education, or like a picture of children at play because he happens to have been himself a parent. But if these extraneous considerations are excluded, others equally dangerous are introduced. These objects are quaint and curious; they relate to the customs of a remote, mysterious people, and they set the mind to dreaming. Here is a reminder of savagery and strength, a tangible hint of the dark forest and bloody rites. Here, in a word, is all the fascination of the curious and the full temptation to grow rhapsodic over what is merely unfamiliar and esoteric. Hence, as the authors of the present volume are well aware, any treatment of the subject which they propose is very likely to degenerate into a mere miscellany of more or less relevant ethnological fact and vague aesthetic enthusiasm. Their problem is the extremely difficult one not only of overcoming an instinctive tendency to regard the objects which they are considering as merely grotesque or hideous but also of seeing to it that any interest aroused in them is a legitimate artistic interest and not the facile enthusiasm of the conventional mystagogue who has discovered a new sensation in which only the elect can participate.

Fortunately they have followed a method which, for the brief compass which they have allowed themselves, could hardly be better. Though they freely admit that the complex appeal of African art doubtless includes—as does that of most other arts—many elements dependent upon associations, they have assumed that such associations can have no real meaning for Europeans, and hence, after the briefest possible discussion of the conditions under which this art was produced, they confine themselves to a discussion of those plastic characteristics which may be perceived by the inhabitant of New York or Paris in much the same way as by an inhabitant of the Congo. The method of analysis employed is that developed at the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia, of which Dr. Munro is associate educational director, and already made familiar in Dr. Barnes's "The Art in Painting." Its application here to a different subject matter reveals anew its great usefulness.

It requires no more than a moment's consideration of any of the forty-one plates with which the volume is illustrated to perceive that these masks and fetishes are at least not, as an unreflective glance might lead one to suppose, merely incompetent attempts to represent the human face or figure. However incapable of accurate imitation the artists who made them may, for the sake of argument, be supposed to have been, they obviously did not intend these ovoid limbs or acutely conical and rigidly protruding breasts as copies of anything which they saw. Modification and distortion are plainly intentional and, as it requires very little further study to see, purposeful and sys-

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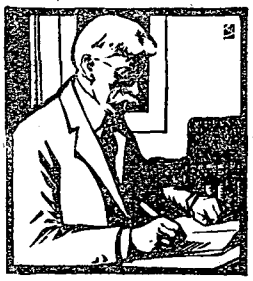

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tematic. If a leg or a brow is given a form never seen in nature it is not the result of accident or momentary caprice, for it corresponds to other and similar distortions, so that the figure, while ceasing to be a copy of nature, becomes a series of related masses in which balance, repetition, rhythm, and all the fundamental features of design are clearly present. The art of African sculpture was, then, indubitably an art, whatever question may remain as to whether or not it was one of great significance for the modern man.

It is with proving this fact and with indicating the chief characteristics of several schools of African art that the authors of the present volume are chiefly concerned. Throughout, to be sure, there is their implied conviction that the phenomenon which they discuss is one of genuine aesthetic significance, and in a brief concluding chapter devoted to its relation to modern art they hail it as one of the forces destined to win for the sculptor a clearer understanding of the justification of his departures from the imitation of nature, a justification which rests, not upon the authority of certain such departures made in the past but upon his success in thus expressing a creative vision. They are, however, for the most part content to leave questions of evaluation aside; their chief purpose is merely to provide an introduction to an intelligent study of the objects which they treat from the standpoint of nothing except their plastic characteristics. This purpose they accomplish with conspicuous success.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

New Lights

The Ninth Wave. By Carl Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THERE is in the United States a small group of those who are neither eager to exploit the novel nor content to employ its form to imitate its past self; but who are adventurous in trying to mold it to its next equivalent. For there is new material to be included in the novel, technique to be extended, and combinations to be effected of those new techniques; and every such variation, as it emerges, seems to be a new mode, whereas it is probably but a single passage in a changing orchestration.

In "The Ninth Wave" Carl Van Doren joins this "small unhappy company," as Mr. Hergesheimer has called it—joins not spectacularly but with a detached awareness of what is happening to the novel. In a period of irritated small-town soul searchings and of complacent large-town acceptances, Mr. Van Doren tells about a man and how he lived through ten episodes of his life. Here, he seems to say, is neither Main Street nor Greenwich Village, but one of those others in the United States who are occupied with things of the mind, and who live tensely in innumerable ways of which the avowed emotionalists know nothing. Here is an area of poignant feeling, like gossamer, like needles, like bolts; and if you are battered upon by primitive choices, you are going to know nothing about such intensities; but if you have even begun to perceive that the race whirls in a circle and thus sees great suns as mere pin-wheels, then you may like to stand still and be touched by a heat and a light less than familiar.

Every novelist should begin life as a critic, in order to be thus raw to the minutest intimations of behavior, from a blow by a word to the lift of an eyelash above an utterly expressionless eye. If involution is the next word in art as in coarser fields, if, having included all that is outside, the novel is to turn inward, farther and farther, if it is to bare utter secrets with the knife of a phrase and find those secrets not in choice and the possible conscious reaction but in the field of the involuntary, or in the kind of reaction which one attracts by one's mere make-up, then the delicacies of work like this are of enormous importance. Such a book could not have been written and would not have been read twenty years ago, because people wouldn't have cared, wouldn't have been able to recognize themselves and one another.

In proceeding through these episodes in the life of a man the book, of course, discards the "line" of the novel, in the old sense. This skeleton is not new, but in its treatment is new, for the record is one of powerful and sensitized reactions to simple things. This business of the commonplace, we see, is not necessarily sordid. Between the old beautiful unrealities and the new ugly realities there stretches this middle ground of creative interpretation of every day—its gaiety, its solemnity, its question, its watchfulness, its passion. For some of the race experiences terrifically and does not explode into action, but merely flows, being fluid, in new directions and reflects, being prismatic, new lights. The book is about these. In this episodic progress the climaxes necessarily come without preparation, save in the same chapter—such as the poignant scene between Kent and Margaret following Barry's visit; and there is nothing in recent literature which grips one more fiercely than those few pages. But then the line abruptly descends again, to simpler scenes in the leisurely life of these two. You comprehend that the author is discarding weavings and preparations perhaps because he is weary unto death of "anticipatory flashes," when in life things so often go bang. But here we see the impact of the go-bang not on blood and brawn, and not even on familiar brain-paths, but on nerves and on cuticles, and on spirits experimenting on new routes; as when, without preparation, Mel is shown to be in love with Kent's wife. The episodic progress, of course, doesn't bother to weave that in either. There it is. There it would be in life. What are you going to *do* about it? Nothing. But you are going to *be* something else, it may be. For you certainly will not manifest the poverty of those amateurs at life who believe a monotonous affirmation to be tolerance. You, as protagonist, interpret, and you get somewhere inside yourself. And that is all. Interpretation does not run along like a little dog at the heels of giant happenings. Interpretation of the smallest occurrence is the happening. This, it is highly probable, will be a part of the method of the novel, whatever its next form is to be. The simple cold handling of things as they serially occur, in the knowledge that art does not consist of things fashioned and knit but of things selected and presented; and that characters need not violently act, but that they must react to and susceptibly interpret their environment. And then some day, as experimentation goes on, there will possibly emerge a new fashioning and a new knitting, one curl farther up the spiral.

Mr. Van Doren's novel is trying to move toward the freedom which in innumerable ways—from stream of consciousness to second person—this caged art form is seeking to effect. His principal audacity is in making Kent's prize dinner the summit of the "line," the ninth wave. Yet this history, laid in a college town, shows climacterically at that dinner the ghastly average that can be struck by this aristocracy concerned with things of the mind. In imparting to a reader sheer despair of the race of "educated" people, this scene is as merciless as Main Street's inducing of despair of the wealth, wit, beauty, and fashion of Gopher Prairie. The hour of triumph of this "professor," revealing to him as it does his own kind, holds an irony and a pessimism as great as the disillusionment of either small-town victim or young intellectual, no less the puppet of his period. The revelation is made, not harshly, however, but rather with the compassion of some onlooker, too mellow not to identify himself with mankind. And then in this novel life goes on, and ends on the note of going on, quite casually, and even cheerfully, as life does.

It is a triumph for the episodic method and for Mr. Van Doren that one need not have a fear of remembering scenes more sharply than the book as a whole. The point is that these —so chosen, so ordered—are of the substance of the book as a whole, for by them one walks on inner levels, on involved

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levels—using "involved" in its strict sense—with which the novels of the future may well be exclusively concerned. For there are in art only seven directions. Now having gone north, south, east, west, up, and down, the only place left unvisited is in. In that direction we have traveled, after all, but a short distance. It is those who are clairvoyant to motive and to heightened perception who are destined to take us farther. To that other "small unhappy company," too, Mr. Van Doren, of course, belongs.

ZONA GALE

A Cure for Democracy

U. S.: A Second Study in Democracy. By H. E. Buchholz. Baltimore: Warwick and York. $2.20.

MR. BUCHHOLZ, it appears, still retains a certain amount of faith in the democratic theory, but democracy as it is practically encountered in this world only depresses him. More than three-fourths of his book, in fact, is given over to a bitter recital of its failures. It is, he finds, corrupt; it is ignorant and idiotic; it is wasteful; it is oppressive. He sees clearly the eternal enmity between democracy and liberty, and has two devastating chapters upon the subject. A democratic state, on his showing, has at least one fault that is not necessarily found in any other sort of state: it is impossible for it to be a gentleman. Its dominant functionaries are always such bounders as Palmer, Burleson, Bryan, Wilson, Kellogg, Wilbur, and Coolidge. It is, in the company of its fellows, always a cad, even when it is right, and perhaps especially when it is right. The difference between a democrat and a Puritan is but little more than the difference between a Baptist mullah and a Methodist dervish, or a prohibition agent and a pickpocket, or a Wall Street Democrat and a Wall Street Republican.

The exposition of these facts takes Mr. Buchholz to page 303 of his book. He then proceeds to present his remedy. There is, it quickly appears, nothing very revolutionary about it. He does not propose to overthrow the Constitution or even to change the laws. He is quite content to suffer democracy a bit longer, and even *sine die*. All he proposes is that it be brought under better control than in the past—that the civilized minority of men, democratic in their inclinations but not actual democrats, assume a censorship over its processes, and, above all, over its chosen agents. So far, of course, there is nothing new. Every reformer since Jefferson's time has bawled for the same thing; it is the cornerstone of every democratic Utopia. But Mr. Buchholz, after all, has something new to add to it, and that something has the merit, at least, of being simple and practicable. In brief, he proposes that the censors prepare themselves for their office by "pledging themselves unconditionally to political celibacy," i. e., to abstention from the struggle for jobs. Their whole authority is to be based on the understanding that they want nothing and will take nothing—that they are incurably citizens, and not officials.

The simplicity of the scheme will probably get it dismissed as beneath consideration. Nevertheless, it embodies a very sound idea. For one of the chief defects of democracy lies in the fact that the public servant, whatever his good-will, is not a free agent, and so can neither perform his own duties as a free and self-respecting man should nor keep an effective watch over his fellow-servants. Directly or indirectly, he is always running for office, which is to say, he is always in peril of his job. The fact inevitably makes a trimmer of him, and after he has trimmed awhile he begins to do it automatically. That is primarily what is the matter with Congress. Its members, taken one with another, are probably quite as decent as any other average Americans of their class. They want to be well regarded; there is even a certain pride of workmanship in them, or at least in some of them. But they are perpetual candidates for reelection, and so they have to make faces and leap through hoops. Being right is of no sure value to them; they must also be satisfactory to the bosses and popular with the mob. One sees the effects at every session. Not one Congressman out of a dozen can afford to state or vote his own honest convictions. He must first find out what the Anti-Saloon League wants, and then what the professional labor leaders want, and then what the Babbitts of his district want, and most of all what the bosses want. So he acquires the manners of a fashionable clergyman and the morals of a street-walker.

Mr. Buchholz proposes to liberate this poor serf by setting up a class of experts in the public business—he calls them, very clumsily, public-opiners—all of them perfectly free to state their honest opinions. It will be their function to operate upon the mob. They will bombard it with the truth, not only about public issues but also about public servants. They will blow up such absurdities as the Coolidge myth. They will expose the motives behind the World Court swindle. They will analyze and anatomize prohibition. They will keep their spotlights upon such mountebanks as the Hon. Nervous Nellie Kellogg. In brief, they will constitute a body of political police, sworn to resist the lascivious lure of office. They will keep the mob informed—and after that whatever happens will be its own fault.

Is the scheme impracticable? I don't think so. As a matter of fact, it is in operation today. The country swarms with Buchholzian public-opiners, and in so far as it has any intelligent public opinion at all they form it. Many of them are quite as chaste, politically, as Mr. Buchholz demands. They not only do not aspire to office; they would not take it if it were offered to them. But do they save democracy from its weaknesses? Do they get anywhere with their protests and warnings? In part, undoubtedly yes. God alone knows what they save us from! Imagine what Coolidge would be doing if all the articulate men in America were as naive and idiotic as the Washington correspondents! Imagine where Bryan would have got with his scheme to raise the mob against sense if he had not been challenged! Imagine Kansas without Ed Howe, or Georgia without Julian Harris! But the thing cuts two ways. There are public-opiners and public-opiners. I recall one named Wayne B. Wheeler. Some time ago the Washington correspondents, in the pursuit of their high duties, offered him the job of Prohibition Commissioner, vice Admiral General Andrews, slated for nirvana. He refused almost indignantly. He was not, he protested, a job-seeker. He was a public-opiner—and I have a great and dreadful fear that he came near meeting Mr. Buchholz's specifications precisely. So I leave "U. S." with a doubt. It listens well—but so did the Bill of Rights.

H. L. MENCKEN

The Rape of the Lock

A Bipolar Theory of Living Processes. By George W. Crile. Edited by Amy F. Rowland. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE man of science, though he seem bounded in the narrowest of specialties, is at bottom an audacious soul, aspiring to grasp the plan of the universe and to expound the same to his fellow-men. In youth he begins his enterprise hopefully by the sure method of induction from observation and experiment; he weighs singly the facts and examines the way they are put together; he traces slowly the pattern of nature. But as age gathers him into its clutch he comes to realize that in this way between birth and death he will have explored but a tiny fragment of the pattern. He must make a short cut. He must judge the rest from what he has seen. He may have discovered in the bits that he has examined what seems the key to the whole construction; he uses this key on the rest. The observer, the experimenter, ages into the philosopher, the speculator.

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plays a great role in physiology. A philosopher has said that if required to worship something in nature he would select the sun; so a biologist, if compelled to choose a signature to all things, might make the choice that Dr. Crile has made. His key is found in those differences of electric potential, with their antecedents and consequents, that occur within living things. Between the cells and within the cells, surrounding nuclei, vacuoles and granules, are membranes; on the opposite surfaces of these membranes are diverse electric charges which result in chemical and physical changes, inflow and outflow of materials. Altering the distribution of these potentials changes the processes that occur; reciprocally, changes in the processes alter the potentials. The bipolar theory says that all physiological processes—respiration, assimilation, excretion, secretion, storage, and release of energy—are actuated and regulated through these diversities and alterations of potential.

The cautious but not hidebound biologist may accompany Dr. Crile a long way on this path. Advance of physiological investigation discloses more and more the important role of these electrical diversities. Here is a fertile and attractive point of view; it has possibilities. Years of inductive investigation will reveal to us what realities correspond to these possibilities. While we wait we may speculatively imagine what they will be. And this, or somewhat more than this, is what Dr. Crile attempts; in a decidedly positive frame of mind he expounds biology in terms of electric potentials. Honestly persuaded that he has the master key to the biological edifice, he uses it in every compartment. Where it is not clear to him how the key fits he jams it. In places he jams it badly.

He believes that differences of electric potential similar to those found within the cells distinguish the diverse major parts of the body, and that here again their role is significant and decisive. The brain is the positive pole of the body, the liver the negative pole. Life requires the presence of both poles; this accounts for the fact that removal of brain or liver results in death (!). Other parts have diverse and intermediate potentials; these bring about their characteristic functions: circulation, respiration, muscular action, nervous action. At this point the accompanying judicious biologist begins to acquire a worried expression. Different types of organism differ essentially in the way the potentials are distributed. Colored diagrams show us the inorganic and organic series pictured in the distribution of positive and negative charges: atoms, molecules, colloids, amoeba, sponge; and so on up to man. For organisms these diagrams are obtained by the harmless device of presenting nucleus and nervous system as positive, outer surface as negative. All this is innocent and not unattractive, provided it be not looked on as a substitute for concrete and detailed knowledge. Cobb tells us that if all the world were destroyed except the thread-worms, these by their distribution would reveal to us most of its characteristic features, including the forms of the other organisms. We may envisage the world in terms of thread-worms; doubtless with less profit than in terms of electric potentials; perhaps also with less danger of going widely astray.

On this basis too, making such assumptions as seem to him fitting, the author explains other important phenomena of biology; poisoning, tetanus, infections, fever, anaesthesia, cancer, memory, behavior, development, heredity, evolution (a complete portrayal of the essentials of evolution by diversities of potentials, from the atom to man). The familiarity of the author with some of these fields enables him to make a plausible picture of the course of events, electrically considered (plausible at least to those not experts in the given subject). In others he speculates, giving rein to fancy; irresponsible, unabashed, and unrestrained; airily oblivious of the scientific knowledge available. His speculations in the field of heredity (accounting, among other things, for the inheritance of acquired characters) are a memorable example of the dreadful results of "romancing round" in scientific territory where one is a stranger. Mendel has investigated peas and Morgan fruit-flies quite in vain so

forging ahead!

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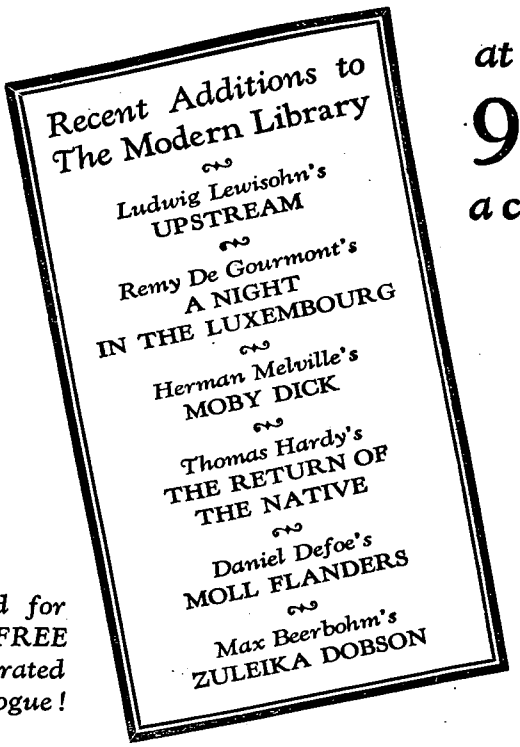
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far as Dr. Crile is concerned; twenty-five years of intensive investigation in genetics have left him untouched; he prefers his own untutored notions. To attempt to state the established data of genetics in terms of electric potentials might be a stimulating if unpromising task. But when the author substitutes his own fancies for these established data he passes near or into the lunatic fringe that hangs on every science.

This is far from being as good a book as Dr. Crile's earlier "Man an Adaptive Mechanism." His subject is significant and alluring, but it cannot yet bear the weight of so pretentious a work as has here been attempted. Certain early chapters are stimulating and attractive; later ones pass into mere extravaganza. If the author or his editor could have been prevailed upon to put forth but a sketch, leaving large parts to be filled in by the advance of research, and to avoid as they would the plague those parts of biology with which they were unacquainted, the resulting unpretentious booklet would have been appealing and suggestive. The publication of the book as it stands was ill advised.

H. S. JENNINGS

"Little Golden Guinea"

Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney. Edited by Grace Guiney. With a Preface by Agnes Repplier. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. $5.

MISS GUINEY had a delightful personality, a vivacious, original style, a shy, affectionate, humorous nature which expressed itself openly in delicate verse and exquisite essays and privately in letters to her friends and to a few fine spirits with whom she was in intellectual sympathy. Her retiring disposition combined with the impulse to express herself to the right person, and an admirable command of the means of expression made her a perfect letter writer, a master of what Mr. Lucas calls "the gentlest art." In her correspondence she let herself go with more abandon than in her rather impersonal verses and her carefully considered essays. She takes her place easily among the rare company of charming "epistolists," Howell, Madame de Sévigné, Cowper, Lamb, Stevenson, though she is not of course so important as they and has but a quiet secondary place in literature. In one way she was most nearly akin to Cowper, for she was temperamentally a recluse and even when she was traveling, physically abroad in the world, she wrote as from a retreat, coming out of her shell for a bright moment and then retiring to her books and her poetry. There resemblance ceases, for Cowper's dreams were darkened by religious melancholia, whereas Miss Guiney was sane and serene in her Catholic faith.

The practical world plays rough tricks with sensitive genius. To keep her frugal pot boiling she secured through a friend of her father (Brigadier General Guiney, killed early in the Civil War) the position of postmistress at Auburndale, Massachusetts. It is pleasant to think of Lamb as clerk in the India House, of Kenneth Graham as secretary of the Bank of England, of Austin Dobson as secretary of the Board of Trade. But Miss Guiney looking "wise as an owl over quarterly accounts" is a rather pathetic figure, and the shadow of the ledger for a while almost obliterated the book of verse. However, she did her work faithfully and with only whimsical complainings, for she had not a touch of self-pity and was always courageous, even gay, in the face of difficulties. And after her term of imprisonment she went back to her old loves, the seventeenth-century poets and the ancient riches of the Bodleian Library.

For she lived in the past. Her active career began early enough for her to have been welcomed and petted by the venerable pundits of Boston; it was Dr. Holmes who called her his "little golden guinea." And she had personal and epistolary friendships with many of the leading literary men of the Age of Stevenson. Her impromptu judgments of her contemporaries are shrewd and neatly phrased. But as for most of

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the moderns, she says, "there are spacious apartments to let in my minster and tiers of unoccupied shrines. . . . I am grateful that I managed to be fairly born before Hawthorne and Thackeray died, and that I have had Tennyson, Emerson, Arnold, and Newman for contemporaries."

But her true loves were older than the nineteenth century—the Caroline poets, especially Henry Vaughan. She had Vaughan's grave renovated and edited his "Mount of Olives." Had time and circumstances been a little kinder to her she would have made the definitive study of his text and life. Within her limits she was a sound and zealous scholar, an antiquarian, longing to find refuge in some town that retained the flavor of the Middle Ages. Her own verse is timeless, untouched by modern fact, and though she commends Philip Savage for getting "into the heart of human life, as every true artist does," her poetry is less passionate, less human than her essays and her letters. Yet she now and again shows the strain of Celtic magic in her blood; she was devoted to the poet Mangan, and responded to Yeats before many people had heard of him. She was a genuine if not a great artist, as true a man of letters as any woman who ever lived.

JOHN MACY

The Religion of the State

Essays on Nationalism. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. The Macmillan Company. $3.

HERE is an exceedingly well-informed and penetrating inquiry into the most important issue of our time. For nationalism has proved itself to be the most pervasive, disturbing, and destructive force in the modern world. It is not evil in origin and nature. The process of imprisoning the spirit of nationality, or local like-mindedness, into a state is in itself innocent and useful, and, if an effective internationalism could arise out of a fair and free cooperation of such national entities, each preserving its own idiosyncrasies but uniting for the common purposes of humanity, all would be well. The struggles of subject peoples, conscious of community of stock, traditions, and interests, for national self-government win the sympathy of all liberal-minded people.

Unfortunately, as Professor Hayes shows in these illuminating essays, nationalism as an idea, a creed, an enthusiasm, has done more harm than any other "ism." It has been a cover and a breeding ground for most of the collective operations of the instincts of greed, pugnacity, intolerance, self-glory, and oppression, which are the enemies of human progress. Masquerading as patriotism, it has everywhere aimed to repress criticism and compel conformity within the nation. As irredentism it has struggled to enlarge the area of national country by enforcing obsolete historic claims or aspirations at the sword's point, regardless of the wishes or interests of the population thus inclosed. With a hyphenated "Pan" it has fed its lust for size and power by interferences with neighboring peoples under the pretension that they are blood relatives. Bloating itself out into imperialism, it has pursued a "manifest destiny" at the expense of weaker or backward peoples whose lands it has coveted for economic gain or from sheer "kilometritis." A product of modern consciousness, it has thriven upon an unscrupulous propaganda to enlist the enthusiasm of the millions for policies designed to benefit small classes within each nation at the expense of the nation's blood and treasure. Into this propagandism is pressed a variety of intellectuals, "philologists, historians, anthropologists, economists, philosophers, and litterateurs," to furnish the doctrine which the politicians and the press shall pump into the popular mind by processes of mass-suggestion.

But doctrine is not enough. Devotion is needed. Nationalism must carry mystery and worship. It must become a religion. Not a Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or other religion of humanity but a patriotic loyalty, a worship of the national

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state. The weakening of belief in the older religions and their churches has favored this substitution. State churches are no longer wanted, when state is itself a church.

> On his own national god the modern religious nationalist is conscious of dependence. Of His powerful help he feels the need. In Him he recognizes the sources of his own perfection and happiness. To Him, in a strictly religious sense, he subjects himself.

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But the subtlest poison of this perverted nationalism is its inculcation of intolerance within the nation, its repressive crusades against minority beliefs, practices, and groupings. Whenever any institution transcends the nation in its membership or appeal, whether it be a church, a trade union, a League of Nations, anything that appears to challenge the all-sufficiency of the national state, and to get up another wider or narrower loyalty, such an institution is anathema. So in various nations we find as the definite fruits of nationalism an anti-clericalism, anti-alienism, anti-pacifism, anti-socialism, anti-racialism. The obscurantist nature of this faith and its ultimate futility are exposed when we realize how the main forces of the industrial revolution, with its world commerce and finance, more and more transcend the political barriers and lay more and more solid foundations for an international merger of activities, interests, and ambitions. Professor Hayes ends an exceedingly profitable inquiry with an appeal for a popular education directed to the making of an international mind. "A great race even now is beginning, a race that will be run throughout the next generation or two, between the forces of nationalism and the forces of humanity, toward two respective goals of destruction and salvation."

J. A. Hobson

The Yankees

New England in the Republic. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE appearance of a new volume by Mr. Adams is always a delight to me. It is so provocative. I have many a chuckle as I watch in imagination the faces of some fellow-historians of the Yankee school perusing the pages of this flapper of modernism foxtrotting so shamelessly upon the noble and holy traditions. I wonder if many will not regard the volume as another sign of these degenerate days of irreverence and immorality. Unfortunately those who would so class it won't read it, and the cultivated story reader will only be pained by the exposure of the weaknesses of the fathers. Much safer to live under the shadow of illusions.

As befits a good exponent of the "new history," Mr. Adams attempts to probe more deeply than did his predecessors into the recesses of the social soul for the hidden motives. Not sufficient for him is the reproduction of the contemporary propaganda, conscious or unconscious, in which the more prominent and more prosperous of the community have preserved their petty fictions of good and evil in the passing show. In the historical fold sheep are not always sheep, nor are goats goats. Hence the perplexities of the social anatomist. In

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the best of all possible worlds, i. e., New England as described by the saints, Mr. Adams finds many evidences of civic disease resulting from avarice and egotism, qualities characteristic of Puritanism and of every society which overrates business success.

Mr. Adams's method is well exhibited in his account of Shay's Rebellion, to which he devotes a chapter. Far too frequently this episode has been stressed as a justification for the drastic reform of the national constitutions which was undertaken by the best and noblest of men to protect society from the ravages of social pestilence. Hence the pestilence has been described in the terms of the black death. This subordination of an important event in the history of Massachusetts to a subsequent, momentous coup d'etat has distorted the perspective of the so-called "critical period." Mr. Adams approaches the subject from a different angle. To him the rebellion is the symptom of a social disease to be diagnosed. He finds it illuminating that democratically ruled Vermont escaped the evil, whereas her aristocratic neighbors to the south suffered from a widely distributed unrest and discontent among the debtor class. Mr. Adams finds that the cause was the greed, the stupidity, and the lack of foresight of the ruling oligarchies. The best minds of the Puritans had failed.

The Revolution itself does not belong to Mr. Adams's theme, but the influence of the war upon the New England States is thoroughly discussed in four chapters, wherein the economic and moral effects of the struggle and the revolutionary governments are the main topics. Concerning war taxation Mr. Adams writes as if he were describing more recent events. "There is no question but that great injustice was wrought by such taxation as there was. There is ample evidence to show that this bore more heavily on the poorer classes." As is well known from the work of many recent historians, the practice of graft was prevalent. The author presents a vivid picture of the Otises "figuring whether they should make one or two hundred per cent out of the soldiers' winter clothes," when those soldiers were enduring the hardships of Valley Forge.

The story really ends with the War of 1812 and its immediate consequences. To this the author has chosen to add four chapters bringing the narrative down to the year 1850. These chapters take the form of essays on certain phases of New England civilization and appear to me to be somewhat superficial, being less firmly based on a knowledge of the historical sources and the nature of man than the rest of the book. So much praise has been given to the author that it will be best to close on a note of criticism. Like other historians, not excepting the reviewer, Mr. Adams is too sure of the correctness of his conclusions, too certain of his judgments. After the last trump has sounded and the Great Accountant has unrolled the Book of Life, I fear that Mr. Adams will discover that he has not copied in all cases *verbatim et literatim*. Still he has made an interesting guess at the transcript.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

God as History

The Attributes of God. By Lewis Richard Farnell. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

IF it is true, as a Biblical writer affirms, that no one has ever seen God at any time, the "attributes of God" would seem necessarily to be an elusive theme. Empirical science cannot hope to discover truth in an area that cannot be subjected to observation. But while God is invisible, the characteristics that different peoples at one or another period in their history have attributed to their deities are observable phenomena and often constitute important data for the student of society. It may be of relatively slight importance for our knowledge of Greek theology to hear Sophocles declare that "nothing to which the gods lead men is base," while Euripides affirms that "if the gods do aught that's base they are not

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gods." But these statements are significant facts for the history of moral thinking among the Greeks. The character which men ascribe to their gods surely reveals the state of the human mind, however obscure the deities may remain.

This fact is fully appreciated by Professor Farnell, the veteran Oxford scholar, whose masterly acquaintance with the history of religions in general and Greek religions in particular constitutes his equipment for his present task. He threads his way unerringly through the mazes of many mythologies, rituals, and creeds in quest of pertinent information. True, he touches Christianity rather gingerly, but the implication of his remarks in this area is usually apparent.

The attributes of God, as the author clearly shows, vary widely among different peoples or even among the same people in different periods, as social and individual experiences create a demand for one or another quality in the godhead. But once an attribute has established itself in tradition, it becomes a deterrent force restraining thinking when new experiences would demand revisions in the character of the deity. Thus the evolution of theologies, when historically surveyed, sheds a significant light on the history of a culture—on its art, its social customs, its politics, its moral ideals, and its intellectualism. The way in which a people think of their gods is an index to human character, for the deities are but replicas of mortals.

Though this book is a first-rate work of scholarship, it is free from technicalities and is fascinating reading even for the uninitiated. SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Books in Brief

If I Were a Labour Leader. By Ernest J. P. Benn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

When those who called the British strike come to read this book, they may wonder whether the strike was such a failure, after all. Here is Sir Ernest Benn declaring not only that "politically, the Britisher is in a better position than any other citizen of any other state in the world," which perhaps was to be expected, but that the trade-union movement is "clean, honest, and obviously good," and that it "possesses the support of the whole of the working world and the respect and sympathy of the employers," which sounds a bit strange after the denunciation of British trade-union restrictions with which we are so familiar. Sir Ernest's present book has a decided flavor of "Good doggy! Don't bite!" The good trade unionists, who really want good wages and short hours, and nothing more or worse, have been deceived, like everybody else, by the wicked socialists and communists in our midst, who want political action by labor, the overthrow of the constitution, and an omnipotent bureaucratic state à la Moscow. Specially obnoxious are the intellectuals of the British labor movement. Let all British workers, employers and employees alike, get back to honest hard work, taking a leaf out of the book of the United States in the matter of improving methods, let the trade unions (and everybody else) eschew politics and stick to industrial production—and then what? "We could transform the surface of the earth, and poverty would fly like chaff before the wind. America would take a back seat." Sir Ernest is always interesting.

Last Essays. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.

With the exception of the sensitive memoir of Stephen Crane, these literary and maritime sketches betray a vapidity rather surprising in the artist who wrote "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether." It is in the short critical essay that Conrad's sheer paucity of ideas manifests itself with a painful frankness; and it is here also that the atmospheric magic which vitalizes his novel style becomes singularly irrelevant. There is something too easy and unpenetrating, for

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example, about the critical apparatus which, in appraising the genius of W. H. Hudson, selects an ability to render the externals of natural objects as his chief claim to artistic eminence. To the unhysterical reader of Conrad (we assume that there are some, despite the full-page advertisements) it is becoming clear that he works with complete success within a limited realm of concrete situations dealing with the sentiments of esprit de corps, fidelity to one's calling, and stoicism in the face of disaster. Is it entirely impossible that Joseph Conrad will be the Walter Scott of the next generation?

The Physiology of Taste. By Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

A handsome centenary edition of the *magnum opus* of this great French *bon vivant*. Half serious and half jocose, "The Physiology of Taste" is neither solid enough to be science nor quite specific enough to serve as a cookbook; but it possesses the full flavor of that eighteenth-century France in which the youth of its author fell. Gay, "enlightened," and worldly wise, it is one of the fine flowers of drawing-room society, and some of its anecdotes—notably, for example, that story of a drinking bout called a National Victory—deserve a place in any possible anthology of perfect examples of the raconteur's art. The present edition is provided with an amusing and appropriately high-hat introduction by Frank Crowninshield.

Music

Music and the External World

MUSIC differs from other arts in its material and its use of this material. It makes use of a class of sounds that are used nowhere else, and it uses them, not to express the relations between physical objects or mental concepts but to express what must be called purely musical relations, relations that exist only and precisely between musical sounds; in other words, not to convey intellectual meanings, or emotional meanings, but to convey what must be called a purely musical significance, a significance *sui generis*. This significance, these relations, are, then, themselves the sole and final object of a type of apprehension which is no more than a specific aural adaptation for the purpose.

It is nevertheless true that music often does convey an emotional or intellectual meaning; but this is an additional meaning that it acquires by association. It is true, for example, that a tempo, a mode, a timbre, or a combination of these, often conveys to the listener a mood or feeling, and usually one particular mood or feeling; but it does this in the same way as thick lips convey sensuality, namely, by an association that is purely conventional—since the correlations between styles of music and specific emotions differ throughout the world—and ultimately, therefore, arbitrary. Again, music can be described in terms of time and space—a theme is said, for example, to rise or fall in pitch, slowly or rapidly; and such a description can be linked with analogous physical or intellectual activity—a descending theme, to make the example extreme, with actual descent of an object or a person. In either case, it is clear that to apprehend the secondary, the emotional or intellectual, meaning of music—as, for that matter, to apprehend even the element of purely formal design—one must first apprehend its primary, its purely musical significance. That is, one cannot apprehend the external correlation of a bit of music with sadness—the sadness of a character in Goethe's "Faust," let us say—unless one can apprehend, in and for themselves, the internal musical relations that are so externally correlated.

It is true, then, that music is a language of emotions, that it can be made to express them in the sense in which words express thoughts; but this is only part of the truth.

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The more important part is, in my opinion, that primarily music expresses only itself; that while a composer may occasionally have as his object the delineation in musical terms of an emotion, his problem normally is a purely musical one, in that he is concerned with tonal, and of course with formal, relations. "You find yourself," says Stravinsky, "you don't know how, in possession of, say, four bars of music. Well, the real musician is the one who knows what there is to be done with these four bars, knows what he can make of them. . . . What interests me most of all is construction. What gives me pleasure is to see how much of my material I can get into line. I want to see what is coming. I am interested first in the melody, and the volumes, and the instrumental sounds, and the rhythm. . . ."

It is clearly *not* true, then, that music is a language of emotions in the sense in which this is usually intended, namely, that it transmits the composer's own emotions to the listener, who apprehends them through emotional sensitiveness. The composer's emotions are the impetus behind his writing, not the content of the music when written; and the listener, therefore, when he apprehends the content, does not thereby penetrate to the impetus. His own emotions as he listens are certainly not those of the composer as he wrote; nor are they, any more than the composer's, the emotions delineated by the music. For, as the composer's emotions were only an impetus, so the listener's are only a result: in any case, then, as a quantity which depends on and varies with him, the listener's response may be quite irrelevant or inappropriate to what he has heard; and if he starts with emotions—such as are implied in the term "emotional sensitiveness"—there is no telling what he will end with: it may even be a totally different piece of music. Instead, then, of penetrating to the truth behind the art, emotional sensitiveness only obscures music with personal associations that are obviously beyond enumeration or definition.

What is true of the composition of music is no less true of its interpretation, so-called, by the executive artist. The variations in speed and loudness begin by setting off phrase against phrase, section against section, conveying in this way what the artist takes to be the structure of the music. Becoming associated with emotional meanings, they now begin to convey an emotional content, not merely of music intended to convey such content but of music intended to be purely formal. In either case, so far, the emotions are objective, the content of the music. But now interpretation begins to live its own life, to be governed by its own logic; and nuance breeds nuance, until we arrive at extreme, eccentric nuances which for no good reason impress us as conveying the emotions of the interpreter himself. At first, therefore, they appear in the styles of performance of solo instruments; only recently have they been introduced into orchestral performance. Whereas, then, formerly, though we heard a symphony or tone-poem through the ears of a Muck or a Mengelberg, what we heard was a structure of the symphony or a mood of the tone-poem, today what we get through the ears of Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski, and what is so alluring is, we think, the personal elan and romantic spirit of Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski. I say "we think" because it is an illusion. We may not infer that an artist feels the particular emotions associated with his performance; that Mr. Stokowski, for example, shares the moods conveyed by a piece of music, or is himself the Siegfried conveyed by his performances. The fact is that, by whichever handle he has grasped it—and one cannot tell, for though exposition of structure is the primary, the musical aspect of the result, emotion always appears by association as the other aspect—he has done no more than acquire and use a conventional and objective technique of musical manipulation, no less objective for having a twofold emotional connotation attached to the result. His own emotions, then, are again only a stimulus; the listener's again only a result.

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Still less is it true that music conveys the personality or character of the composer, or such externals as the period in which he lives and its entire non-musical culture. All these are to music as oil to water; but, besides this special reason for the special case of music, the notion that an art expresses a period and its entire culture complex is false. The plastic arts, for example, might be expected to reflect matters external, yet nowhere else, I am assured, is the fallacy so easily detected and refuted: identical cycles have repeated themselves at different times, in different places, under different systems of philosophy. And even of European music, which has had only one development, I think it can be shown that this development has been entirely self-determined, that the entire sequence might be shifted backward or forward parallel to the fixed series of non-musical events without requiring change, and that apparent correlations, therefore, are only apparent. To say, then, that a man must write music of the present generation is sense only if it means that he must use musical materials in their present state of development; it is nonsense if it directs him, when he is dealing with tonal and formal relations, to take into account skyscrapers and taxicabs.

It is nonsense, then, also, to link Brahms with a so-called German temperament, Debussy with a French, Gershwin with an American; they must instead be linked with different styles of composition. Nor, I must add, should "German," "French," and "American" be used or understood to mean that the musical style, any more than the temperament, is racial or innate. The beginning of a style, whether in slight divergence or in independent discovery, is quite accidental; and thereafter not only is its development self-determined but its perpetuation is automatic. Its force, in other words, is that of a tradition: an American composes in the American manner, as he acts and thinks in the American manner, because it is the mannér of his earliest and most prolonged experience. For this, obviously, geographical and political isolation are responsible to a large extent; whence the term "American," which—and this is its sole significance—locates the tradition geographically.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Alloy

PLAYS like "Sandalwood" (Gaiety Theater) constitute the real tragedies of the stage. One may dismiss the mere vulgarities of the popular drama as things with which one has no real concern, and one may even learn to endure the *faux bon*, the cheap imitation of the real thing, with a certain equanimity; but greatness miscarried, genius stricken with impotence, tortures the spectator with something of the same sense of frustration which affects the baffled creator himself.

The present play, which Owen Davis has skilfully fashioned from the materials afforded by a novel of the same name by Fulton Oursler, is such a work—something near a masterpiece struggling to be born, gold alloyed with metals which are base indeed. There are passages of dialogue so flat, so banal, and so cheap as to make the auditor writhe from very shame; but there are, by way of compensation, scenes which, especially as acted with a perfection beyond praise by Pauline Lord, are as powerful and as poignant as any which have come from an American playwright. Certain moments like that, for example, when the wife makes way at her husband's bedside for the ministrations of "the other woman," or like that toward the end when she clings to him with an unreasonable, ineluctable tenacity which does not attempt to justify itself but is made infinitely pathetic by a desperation not even trying to understand, are genuinely memorable. But unfortunately there are other moments, notably those in which the lovers call one another Pan and Melisande, which are equally memorable for

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the opposite reason. No flapper and her sheik, no desperately "pagan" pair in a Greenwich Village tearoom, ever spouted passion more utterly unconvincing. One is tempted to imagine that Miss Lord merely manages to make certain parts seem good, but such I think is not the case. "Sandalwood" is a play so good in some spots that its badness in others is all but incredible.

The theme—the unsuccessful revolt of a rather commonplace man against the dulness of his life and the banality of his family—is sufficiently familiar, but it has been seized upon here by an imagination bold enough to body it forth in new and powerful forms. When the play opens the hero has taken to his bed in a sort of insane surrender to the life which he hates, and from it he is able, like Hamlet in his madness, to gibe at those whom his malady bewilders. To the sickroom comes the woman from the outside world whom he has loved; she nurses him back to convalescence and then, when she realizes that he can never tear up the roots which hold him fast in the suburb where he lives, she leaves him to the tender mercies of the rich brother who is "not sold on this proposition," the clergyman who promises to pray for him, and the dumb, tenacious wife who brushes back the hair from his forehead "so that he will look more like other people." Though cast in conventional dramatic form, the heightened, hectic tone of the play suggests constantly that of the more radical experiments from Strindberg to John Howard Lawson; and throughout both the *longueurs* and the crudities which mar it one sits in an expectation rewarded again and again by scenes of vividness and power. Why is it, then, that "Sandalwood" as a whole fails definitely to achieve that serene completeness which is the mark of artistic aspiration fulfilled?

The reason is to be sought, I think, not in any mere lack of technical skill nor even in any failure in the power of the author to express the things at which he aims, but rather in the incompleteness of his own soul. His work, wherever it deals with mere rebellion, wherever it is concerned with the things from which he would escape, is passionate and real, but whenever he spreads the wings of aspiration those wings are pitifully ineffectual. Dulness, stupidity, and the disgust which they can provoke are realized from intimate experience and bodied forth with powerful imagination, but their opposites—freedom, joy, and beauty—are but tinseled words bandied about by people incapable of understanding their meaning. The wife, so hideous and so pitiful, is real; the mistress is a lay figure, tawdry and unconvincing. Weary of the world which he knows, the author is impotent to conceive a better one, and he takes refuge in proud empty words. Hence it is that the play is a symptom of a tragedy, somewhat different from the one which it aims to set forth, of a tragedy which is, perhaps, the greatest of modern society. Thanks to education and enlightenment, discontent is cheap. Thousands condemned to mediocrity and dulness are aware that they are mediocre and dull. Vast armies whose forefathers accepted routine with complacency have now heard of and now long for the freedom and the joy of the artist and the creator. But if aspiration has become the property of the many, it is still, unfortunately, only the few who can fashion a life beyond dulness and platitude.

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